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The Daily

1/2d.

ILLUSTRATED

Mirror.

A Paper for Men and Women.

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No. 113.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

MONDAY, MARCH 14, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

LORD ROSEBERY

Makes Another Attack on
"Pretty Fanny."

THE "WHO? WHO?" GOVERNMENT.

Mr. Balfour was on Thursday night the butt of Lord Rosebery's sarcasm. After petulantly calling him "Pretty Fanny," a cryptic allusion to maiden bashfulness and innocence, Lord Rosebery on Saturday journeyed to Newcastle to enjoy an oratorical fling at the whole Government.

Following are the gems of speech describing the Government.

Gives food for merriment.
A pitiless and humiliating spectacle.
A beached and helpless fleet.
Feeble and fleeting voices.
Moving slowly backwards.
In melancholy position.
Subject to whims of vain doctrine.
Worn out.
Dilapidated.

It was a Government of unknown men. It was a "Who? Who?" Government, like that of 1852. This was so called because when the old Duke of Wellington, who was very deaf, asked for an enumeration of the Ministers, to each name unknown to him he went on "Who? Who?" and did it so emphatically that it was for ever known as the "Who? Who?" Government.

GENERAL ELECTION SOON.

When Lord Rosebery allowed himself to forget the past, which has such bitter recollections, and enunciate a political programme for the future, he proved a valuable contributor to the nation's councils.

There was no lack of enthusiasm among the packed gathering at the Palace Theatre, and Lord Rosebery was followed throughout with the closest attention.

He said fiscal questions had lost much of their interest in the absence of Mr. Chamberlain, and ridiculed any thought of a decline in our commercial supremacy.

After a generous tribute to the services of Sir William Harcourt he passed on to a consideration of the history of the Government, and its methods, acts, and opinions.

He emphasised the oft-repeated rumour that there must be a general election very shortly. "The Government was in a false position; it obtained a mandate for the country for one purpose and was using it for another.

At the time of the general election it never dawned upon the country that the majority it gave to the Ministry to carry on the war was to be used for an Education Bill or for a Promised Licensing Bill.

There were, Lord Rosebery said, four principal questions: (i.), Education; (ii.), Finance; (iii.), the War; (iv.), Imperial Policy.

As to the former, the new Act demoralised education and separated public expenditure from public control.

In finance the expenditure of the country had increased from £96,000,000 to £140,000,000. The Government's conduct of the war stood condemned by the Imperial Commission.

With regard to South Africa, after the nation had poured out its blood like water and spent its millions to establish the equality of the white races, Chinese labourers were to be introduced, against the protests of every self-governing part of the Empire.

NEW AND FRESH MINDS.

It was time for the farce to end. The performance was costly and unsatisfactory. "My hope is," said the speaker, "that in the next Liberal Government we shall see new and fresh business minds applied to the great problems of Government."

After finance the great question of national efficiency was locked up in education and the training of our youth. Next came temperance.

In conclusion, he hoped that the new Liberal Administration, when it came—and it was sure to shortly—would make no rude breach of continuity in foreign and colonial affairs. Sharp turns are, he said, disastrous in external affairs, as you cannot play tricks with the grim balance of the world's interests. A new Government should change our foreign and colonial policy by a graceful curve and not at a right-angle.

TORPEDO-BOAT TORPEDOED.



The Russian torpedo-boat flotilla at Port Arthur has made a sortie and attacked the Japanese torpedo-boats. The Russian destroyer Vlastny fired a torpedo at a Japanese torpedo-boat with such effect that she immediately foundered with all hands. During the fight the Russians also lost one of their torpedo vessels.

(Drawn from a special cabled description of the event and from photographs of the ships.)

KAISER AT DOVER.

Anxious Crowds Await His Overdue Vessel.

DELAYED BY FOG.

His Majesty Says He Feels Much Better Already, and is in High Spirits.

The Norddeutscher-Lloyd liner *König Albert* arrived off Dover at one o'clock yesterday with the German Emperor aboard, and left shortly afterwards on her voyage south.

When they left Bremer Haven on Saturday morning the Emperor had a remarkably enthusiastic send-off. They had not proceeded far down the River Weser before they ran into a fog, which became so dense that it was deemed prudent to bring up, and the vessel lay at anchor for no less than eight hours.

When they arrived at the mouth of the Weser they were picked up by the German armoured cruiser *Friedrich Karl*, which is acting as escort to the *König Albert* on the voyage. This fine man-of-war, which draws twenty-seven feet of water, was "manned" by the crew in salute as the *König Albert* passed, the cruiser taking up her position in the rear of the Emperor's vessel, in which position she will continue throughout the voyage. The weather was thick right across the North Sea, but it lifted as the ships neared the English coast.

Much anxiety was felt at Dover, where the *König Albert* was expected at seven o'clock in the morning, according to the official time-table which had been communicated from Berlin to the Consul, Sir William Crundall. Large crowds of people assembled on the Admiralty Pier and the sea front to witness the arrival, and as hour after hour passed by without anything being seen or heard of the vessel the anxiety increased, as it was feared the ship might have met with some mishap in the fog which sprang up during the night and continued till between ten and eleven o'clock, when it gradually lifted. The German Consul, who was accompanied by the Vice-Consul, Mr. Ernest A. Marsh, had been in waiting at the Lord Warden Hotel since 4.30 a.m., and at the Consul's suggestion about half-past ten John Iron, the harbour master, proceeded in the direction of the Goodwin Sands with the Consul and Vice-Consul aboard to see if they could fall in with the Emperor's vessel. After cruising about for two hours and not getting any trace of the *König Albert*, the tug returned to Dover.

FUR COAT OVER UNIFORM.

There were all sorts of rumours afloat. Fortunately the weather continued to clear, and a few minutes after one o'clock the *König Albert* was sighted to the eastward, with the man-of-war in attendance, coming along at a good speed. The Consul and Vice-Consul very quickly returned to the tender, which was at once dispatched to meet the Emperor's ship. The huge liner of 11,900 tons looked very majestic as she steamed into Dover Bay about half-past one.

The decks of the liner were thronged with members of the Emperor's suite and officers, and as the tug approached the Emperor was distinguished standing on the starboard side of the captain's bridge, telescope in hand, pointing out to those around him the various points of interest on shore. The bridge where his Majesty stood was about forty feet above the bridge of the tug.

As soon as the tug got alongside, the Emperor waved a salute of recognition to Sir William Crundall, who was standing on the bridge of the tug in his brilliant consular uniform of dark blue, trimmed with gold lace, white waistcoat, and cocked hat, with a German dark blue cape, lined with red. Sir William Crundall was last year the guest of the Kaiser at Berlin, as chairman of the Dover Harbour Board. The Emperor was to-day attired as German admiral, wearing the undress uniform and cap. He was looking very well indeed, with a fresh colour, and was evidently in very good spirits, laughing and talking freely to some of the members of his suite. As a matter of fact, he was looking much better than when he visited Shorncliffe, about two years ago, to review the 1st Royal Dragoons (Kaiser's Own). Over his uniform the Kaiser was wearing a thickly-lined fur coat.

ENJOYING THE VOYAGE.

Just as the liner was entering the bay the turbine steamer *Queen* was leaving Dover on her voyage to Calais, and the Emperor watched her through his telescope with great interest. His Majesty, when the gangway was lowered, proceeded to the top of the stairs and received Sir William Crundall on the captain's bridge in most cordial fashion. He was very cheerful, and spoke in a strong clear voice. He stated he was enjoying the voyage very much and already felt much better for it. Quite a lot of dispatches, including many telegrams, were handed to his Majesty by the Vice-Consul. For ten minutes or a quarter of an hour the Emperor chatted freely with his visitors, and he referred to the great progress which he had noticed was being made with the harbour works and the preparations for the trans-Atlantic port of call.

His Majesty was handed a number of English newspapers, including the "Times," "Daily Telegraph," "Standard," "Daily Mail," and "Daily Chronicle." It was a few minutes after two when the liner proceeded full speed ahead few minutes after two when the tug's rope was cast off, and the liner proceeded full speed ahead down Channel, conveyed by the warship. "For some distance his Majesty remained on the bridge, and several times raised his head to acknowledge the salutes of those on the *Lady Vita*. During the morning divine service was held on the *König Albert*, at which his Majesty attended. The next port of call for the vessel is Vigo, Spain, which is to be reached on Tuesday next, and at Lissabon on Friday.

PARIS SENSATION.

Reported Confession of the Suspected Spy Martin.

Naval petty-officer Martin, who is the prisoner in the espionage case now absorbing attention at Paris, appears to have been a man of many tastes. It is stated that mixed up with confidential notes and copies of mobilisation documents, there were discovered papers relating to horse-racing.

A suggestion is made that Martin's position enabled him to abstract books on Saturday and replace them on the following Monday, and it was while the volumes were on these week-end trips the secrets were disclosed.

Other charges are stated to have been brought, including one of having received £500 from a Power other than Japan.

At the Navy staff headquarters it is feared that the documents sold include the "general instructions in time of war" respecting the mobilisation of the French fleet, and also a copy of the recent signal code for use in war.

A copy of the plans of the latest submarine is missing, together with a number of documents bearing on the defences of Indo-China.

Some newspapers do not scruple to state that French secret documents are in the possession of England.

STEAMER WRECKED.

Four Boats Full of Passengers Missing in Bad Weather.

The steamship *Aramac*, carrying 100 passengers and crew, struck outside Brisbane early this morning. Six boats were launched, in which the passengers and crew took their places. One of these, containing twenty-eight persons, has arrived at Bundaberg, and a second has been sighted.

Although the weather is bad the remaining boats (says Reuter) are considered to have good prospects of reaching land or of being picked up. Steamers have been dispatched to search for them.

WINDSOR IN DANGER!

Maidenhead Corporation Plans a Gunboat Expedition.

The Corporation of Windsor has incurred the grave displeasure of the Corporation of Maidenhead because certain councillors of the Royal Borough presumed to sign a petition against a Bill Maidenhead is presenting to Parliament to enable the corporation to deal with its bridge property.

In fact, so profound has Maidenhead's indignation become that at a council meeting the mayor has hazarded the suggestion that possibly the council ought to charter a steamer and, having mounted the gun which guards Grenfell Park, steam down the river and lay Windsor Town Hall in ruins about the ears of its erring councillors.

Very naturally this vaunting spirit on the part of Maidenhead's mayor and councillors has filled Windsor's Corporation with much resentment. Windsor can only suppose that Maidenhead's mayor has forgotten that there are kept at Windsor Town Hall twenty-one guns, which are fired off by the corporation bombardier on royal anniversaries.

No actual collision between the rival riverside corporations has as yet been reported.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S TOUR.

Leaving Cairo yesterday, Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain travelled to Ismailia, where they embarked for Naples. A compartment was reserved for them in the train from Cairo, the rest of the carriages being crowded with tourists. Both of the distinguished travellers looked in good health.

"ASHAMED OF HIS COUNTRYMEN."

In a speech, delivered at Cape Town on Saturday, Mr. Stead, after referring to the joy of meeting representatives of those who alone had been loyal to England, said he was ashamed of the doings of his countrymen, both in the past and in the present. The war had been an unjust one, and yet not all in Cape Colony had dared to be true. He hoped that in the future they would act in the spirit of the braves who had fought for their rights, and he trusted that before the memory of the war faded a roll of martyrdom would be drawn up.

The assembly consisted largely of Bond members of Parliament, and also included Mr. Hofmeyr and Mrs. Cronwright-Schreiner (Olive Schreiner).

FIERCE ATTACK ON AN M.P.

Mr. John O'Donnell, M.P., has been attacked and seriously injured on his way from an evening meeting of the Mayo Asylum Committee after taking part in the election of a storekeeper.

When leaving the gates he was attacked by a young man, who struck him on the head with a heavy stick. Mr. O'Donnell was attended by two doctors, who dressed his wounds. He is making favourable progress.

GENERAL KUROPATKIN'S PROPHECY.

Friends of General Kuropatkin, the Russian Commander-in-Chief, say that he appears quite confident of himself. He is reported to have said:

"To give the Japanese a lesson the Russians will march over their island after having crushed them in Korea and Manchuria. If I have anything to do with it we shall sign the Treaty of Peace at Tokio, and nowhere else."

Early on Saturday morning an alarming fire, which resulted in the death of one person and was attended by the rescue under exciting circumstances of fifteen or sixteen others, broke out at No. 4, Verulam-buildings, Gray's Inn.

Much uneasiness has been caused among the soldiers quartered on Salisbury Plain, by the occurrence of an outbreak of enteric in the mounted infantry lines, at Bulford Camp.

LOST IN WINDSOR PARK.

Lady's Memory Fails, and She Wanders All Night in the Open.

A curious case of loss of memory has just occurred at Windsor.

A tall young lady left her home in the Royal Borough on Friday to go for a walk. But night came, and she did not return. Her relatives, in alarm, communicated with the police, and a search was at once commenced.

From inquiries it was learnt that she had been seen walking aimlessly about Windsor Great Park in the vicinity of Cranbourne Tower. The searchers, working on this information, were engaged in looking for the missing lady, but it was not until after searching all Friday night and up till late on Saturday evening that she was ultimately found.

She was found close to Bracknell—about eight miles from Windsor. Her relatives were greatly relieved to find that she had received no harm during her all-night wanderings.

It appears that the lady was quite at a loss to account for her actions. She had lost her memory, and had apparently been roaming about the Park in a dazed condition, and had then lost herself in the woods.

BUFFALO BILL SEEKS DIVORCE.

Alleges Cruelty, But His Wife Tells a Different Tale.

Colonel Cody, known all over the world as Buffalo Bill, has, according to a New York message, entered an action for divorce in the Wyoming Court.

He bases his petition on the grounds of the cruelty of his wife, whom he married thirty-eight years ago. Among other charges he makes against her is one of having attempted to poison him.

As Mr. Cody denies all the charges, a ridiculous fabrication, and declares that all the trouble is due to the fact that Colonel Cody is anxious to marry a young woman, in the hope of having a male heir.

SERVIAN HONOUR.

Minister of the Murdered King Charged with Embezzlement.

Dr. Petronejic, late Chief of the Cabinet at Belgrade, accused of embezzling a sum of 19,300 francs, being the balance of a large sum left by the late King for pious purposes, has just been tried at Belgrade.

Dr. Petronejic stated that he had disposed of the money to certain persons in accordance with the instructions of King Alexander, in strict confidence, and had their receipts. He added that no one could compel him to violate the confidence reposed in him by the late King, and concluded: "As I had left the good fortune on June 11 to sacrifice my life for my beloved master, I am ready to-day to sacrifice my honour for his sake."

He was, notwithstanding, condemned to two years' imprisonment, to pay a heavy money fine, and to the loss of his rights as citizen for a year.

GENERAL LYTTELTON ARRIVES.

Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir N. G. Lytton, K.C.B., the late Commander-in-Chief in South Africa, arrived at Southampton on Saturday from Cape Town by the Union Castle liner *Dunvegan Castle*. He has relinquished his post in South Africa in order to take his seat as First Military Member of the new Army Council.

THE VETERAN'S WALK.

Dr. Deighton reached Lancaster on Saturday night, in the course of his walk from Land's End to John o' Groats, well in advance of his expected time.

He said he was delighted with the condition of the roads in North Lancashire. He had lost four and a half pounds since he started, but, hoped, with his Sabbath rest, to make part of it up.

He says he will be able to accomplish the journey in the required time, and lays special emphasis on the kindness which he receives at the hands of all whom he meets on his long march, from the policeman up to the village parson.

RUSSO-CHINESE BANK ATTACKED.

Seven robbers, wearing Caucasian dress and armed with rifles and daggers, attacked the Russo-Chinese Bank at New Bokham station on the Trans-Caspian Railway. Two of the bank managers and another person were wounded, the other terrified clerks jumping from the second-storey window into the street, sustaining severe wounds. According to Reuter, the robbers secured no booty and escaped.

NIHILIST'S PLEA FOR LIFE.

A Reuter telegram says that on Thursday, at the close of the trial of the Nihilists for participation in political assassinations, one of the three men condemned to death, an officer, threw himself on his knees, begged for pardon, and prayed to be allowed to proceed to the Far East as a common soldier, there to lay down his life for the Fatherland. The Court agreed to bring his plea for mercy before the Tsar.

The two other condemned men were executed in the Schlossberg.

Somaliand dispatches, coming through Paris, state that the Mad Mullah is unable to continue the campaign, and has made overtures with the view of giving himself up to the Italian authorities on the condition that he will not be handed over to the English. The Italian Government is said to have refused the Mullah's offer.

The Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company has just completed the electrification of its Liverpool and Southport section, and a trial trip was made on Saturday.

FIERCE SEA FIGHT.

Russians and Japanese in Deadly Conflict.

VESSELS ALMOST TOUCH.

Graphic details are to hand of the severe sea fight and subsequent bombardment which took place at Port Arthur on Wednesday night and Thursday morning.

Sentries on the look-out in the forts were the first to note the approach of Japanese warships, and the Russian fleet was ordered to leave port and engage the enemy, and the small fleet speedily fell in with the Japanese torpedo-boats, which were followed by their cruisers.

Hot fighting immediately ensued, and the position of the four Russian boats was a desperate one yet not only did they put up a plucky defence, but they were able to inflict serious damage on the enemy.

The odds, however, were too great for the Russian fleet to continue the contest, and it was decided to retreat to the harbour.

About eight o'clock in the morning the Japanese reappeared off the port, their forces comprising thirteen large warships and ten torpedo-boats.

Once more the Russians took the aggression, and two of their destroyers—the *Steregushchy* and *Rechitelny*—steamed boldly out to meet the approaching enemy. They were quickly surrounded, and a terrific engagement commenced, which lasted two hours and a half. How the two Russian vessels managed to live through the hail of missiles which the Japanese vessels poured into them is astounding, but at last the position of the *Steregushchy* became desperate.

She received a shot which wrecked her engine, and speedily began to fill. Seeing the danger which threatened the boat, Admiral Makaroff hoisted his flag on board the cruiser *Novik*, and accompanied by the cruiser *Bayan*, steamed out to the assistance of his torpedo craft. The latter, however, was being riddled by five of the enemy's torpedo-boats, and as the Japanese cruisers were also approaching the scene of the desperate combat, Admiral Makaroff was unable to rescue his boat.

DEADLY CANNONADE.

Shortly after this exciting struggle the Japanese fleet commenced to bombard the town and fortress with fourteen of their battleships, all using 12-inch guns, chiefly of twelve-inch calibre. The firing was kept up for several hours, and as the damage to the town and fortress was considerable, the Russian ships are said to be quite ready for sea again.

On the other hand terrible results are recorded of the furious cannonade. One shell burst close to the house of a lawyer named Sidorski, who was killed on the spot. The wife of Col. Baron Pleschke, who was in the house at the time, was also killed, and some of the shell splinters, and her daughter's head was blown off. Another young lady, named Waleritsch, was injured in the chest, and died in hospital.

Startling statements have been made by the wives of Russian officers who have reached New Chang from Port Arthur. They say that on Thursday's bombardment thirty-eight were killed and over 100 wounded. Serious disputes occurred daily between the military and naval officers, the former accusing the latter of incompetency and cowardice. A scarcity of ammunition for big guns is beginning to be felt.

Yesterday Admiral Togo's official report of what he calls the fourth attack on Port Arthur was issued. In this he says:

"Our two torpedo flotillas reached the mouth of the bay at one o'clock in the morning. A hot engagement, which lasted thirty minutes, took place at close range. Our *Asashio*, *Kamikaze*, and *Atsukuni* nearly touched the enemy's ships, one of which had her boiler hit, while another was observed to be on fire. Our crews could even hear the cries of agony from the Russians."

RUSSIAN BOAT CAPTURED AND LOST.

The Admiral describes the encounter between the other flotilla and the two Russian torpedo boats, and says the *Steregushchy* was captured and taken in tow, leaking badly. The tow-rope parted, the crew was taken off, and the vessel sunk.

Two sailors on the Japanese *Saxomani* were killed, and the flotilla suffered some damages, but they were not serious.

The bombardment, adds the Admiral, lasted from ten o'clock till 1.40, and was "remarkably effective." The land batteries opened fire, and none of the Japanese ships sustained any damage.

In Thursday's bombardment an entire family was said to have been annihilated by a shell.

From Yingkow it is reported (says Reuter) that after the official announcement of the bombardment a great depression was noticeable among the Russians, and there was much criticism of the Russian Government.

Residents assert that the defenders are under the delusion that British officers command the Japanese warships.

Admiral Alexieff is reported to have offered £3,000 to Manchurian mounted bandits to act as outposts against a Japanese attack.

TO EYE WITNESSES.

The "Daily Illustrated Mirror" invites amateur and professional artists and photographers to send IMMEDIATELY rough sketches and photographs of interesting and important happenings which may come under their notice at home or abroad. All photographs and sketches thus sent to the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" will be paid for, but no photographs or sketches will be returned to any event. Express letter delivery or train parcels should be used whenever possible. Address: QUICK NEWS DEPARTMENT, "Daily Illustrated Mirror," 2, Carmelite Street, London.

VITRIOL DRAMA—GIRL ATTACKS A MILLIONAIRE.

LS ALMOST TOUCH.

TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A
GLANCE.

Details of the fight off Port Arthur on Thursday show that the Russians had one torpedo-boat sunk, and the crew captured by the Japanese. Several seamen were killed, and many wounded. The Japanese had eight killed and seven wounded. Port Arthur was bombarded for several hours, with terrible results. The Japanese fleet sustained no damage.—(Page 2.)

The Prince and Princess of Wales arrived at Portsmouth on Saturday and inspected the submarine flotilla. Their Royal Highnesses attended service yesterday at the Dockyard church, and later visited the new cruiser Cumberland and the Royal Naval Barracks.—(Page 5.)

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the Russians took the aggressive air destroyers—the Steregautchy and the Steregushchy—both named boldly out to meet the Japanese. They were quickly surrounded, and the engagement commenced, which lasted for half an hour. How the two Russian ships managed to live through the hail of missiles is a mystery. Japanese vessels poured into them from all sides, and at last the position of the Steregushchy was desperate.

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Admiral Togo's official report of what was the first attack on Port Arthur was issued. It stated that the Russian fleet of 20 torpedo flotillas reached the mouth of the harbour at one o'clock in the morning. The attack was repulsed by the Russian fleet, which lasted thirty minutes. The Russian fleet was destroyed in close range. Our Asashio, Kasumi, and other ships nearly touched the enemy's ships, but they damaged the enemy's ships, and our Asashio's boiler was hit, while another was on fire. Our crews could even hear the enemy from the Russians.

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NEWS DEPARTMENT,
of Illustrated Mirror,
Carmelite Street, London.

To-day's Arrangements.

The King holds a Levée at St. James's Palace, 12.0.
 The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs dine with the Glovers
 Company at De Keyser's Hotel, 7.30.
 The Earl of Arundel under the Patronage of the King and
 Queen at Covent Garden, 8.0.
 The Colborne Unweils a War Memorial Window and
 Tablets at Winchester Cathedral.
 The Reform League, Women's Branch: Mr. J. Saxon
 on "Economic Education," St. Peter's Institute,
 12, Newington Palace-road, 3.0.
 The League Club, The Master of the Rolls pre-
 sides at a Luncheon, N. W. House, 3.0.
 The Stamford presides at a Meeting on behalf of
 the National Training School for District Mid-
 wives, N. W. House, 3.0.
 The Prince's Military Singles Championship begins
 at Club, Knightsbridge.



A startling drama has been enacted in the Mount Nelson Hotel, Capetown. Mr. Piet Marais, a well-known millionaire, was dining alone at a table, and at a table near were his daughter-in-law and her daughter, named Aileen. Suddenly the young girl rushed across and threw the contents of a bottle of vitriol in Mr. Marais's face, inflicting terrible injuries and destroying both his eyes. This savage assault is the result of a family quarrel.

AH-SIN'S CHARTER.

Official Explanation of the Chinese
Labour Ordinance.

As some doubt appears to exist as to the exact meaning of the statement that the King has been pleased "not to disallow the Labour Importation Ordinance, which cannot, however, be brought into operation for the present," we are authorised to explain that the phrasing follows in the lines of the draft ordinance, the final clause of which reads as follows:—

That is to say, the ordinance is now law, but will not come into operation immediately for several reasons. Chief among these are the facts that negotiations with the Chinese Government are not quite completed, and that the arrangements for signing on at Chinese ports and for embarkation also require to be completed.

BLACKMAIL IN THE NAVY.

Warm Rejoinder from Ship's Corporal.

“A crusher, who does not own house property,” writes to us on the subject of our revelations. He disarms criticism by frankly admitting there are black sheep in every flock, and the Royal Naval Police form no exception.

A strong point is made in his letter that the staff of the drafting commander are writers and not ships' corporals, so it is impossible the latter can influence the drafting of any seaman for foreign service.

As to house property, this, he says, is easily obtained by men earning £1 a week with food and everything found, in such an employment as the Navy. Even the bank books of seamen when paying off a ship would surprise many civilians.

All sailors' wives seem to have jewellery thrust on them, and the difficulty is to keep the tallyman from the doorstep.

CAROUSE IN CHURCH.

Man Found Smoking Calmly Sixty Feet High.

During a lecture at St. Bartholomew's-the-Great, Smithfield, on Saturday afternoon, a well-dressed man was noticed by one of the sidesmen standing with his hat on in the clerestory over the nave smoking his pipe in an unconcerned manner. He was found to be the worse for liquor and apparently oblivious of the fact that the slightest slip would have dashed him to pieces on the tessellated pavement sixty feet beneath.

With great caution the man was led to the stairway, and after a talking to by one of the clergy, when he appeared somewhat crestfallen, he was ejected. Not far from where the man had been standing was a bottle of spirits. Judging from his well-dressed appearance he was evidently of some means.

H.M.S. Andromeda left Portsmouth on Saturday for the China station to relieve the Blenheim.

STAR AND RIBBON TRUST.

Great Swindle in Which Notabilities Are Concerned.

The mania for decorations which is so strongly developed among a certain class of people has given rise to a great scandal at Constantinople (says Reuter).

Decorations are easily to be obtained in Turkey, and, in fact, it is the regular thing for distinguished tourists to be honoured with badges more or less precious and beautiful.

This is especially the case with German visitors. To quote an instance, a certain German General, charged with a mission from the Emperor in Constantinople, refused to accept the Star in brilliants of the Osmanieh, which the Sultan conferred upon him, and insisted on obtaining that of the Medjidieh, the intrinsic value of the latter being £T800 and of the former £T200.

The annual visit of a German training ship, when every man and boy on board, from captain to cabin-boy, is decorated, has become a regular institution.

A gang of unscrupulous Turkish officials recently determined to exploit the craving for decorations, and organised an extensive fraud. Eleven persons were involved in the swindle, of whom two were foreign subjects and one an ex-German lawyer, now a Turkish subject.

No British Subject Implicated.

Their scheme was to steal brevet-forms for the various decorations (up to the second-class) from the Ministry, which were filled in with the name of the foreign aspirant. The star was procured without difficulty in the regular manner from the Court jeweller.

The "Servet," a newspaper printed in French, used briefly to chronicle the fact of the decoration being conferred, together with genuine cases, in the official "Gazette," in order to convince the recipient that all was in order. The most moderate price for an Order was about a hundred pounds. This ingenious scheme was worked with profit during two years, and over a hundred decorations were disposed of in various countries in Europe.

The fraud was only accidentally brought to light by the action of a certain Embassy, which inquired why some undesirable person had been decorated. The principal actors have all been arrested, and are to be tried publicly on Wednesday. The preliminary investigation revealed that most of the decorations had been bought by German, Austrian, Belgian, Swiss, and Swedish Government officials, and that not a single British subject was among the clients.

The prime mover, who has always enjoyed exceptional favour, is utterly disgraced, and is to receive the full penalty for his offence, probably ten or fifteen years' imprisonment.

APOSTLE OF ENGLAND HONOURED.

Roman Catholics Celebrate With Pomp St. Gregory's Centenary.

By order of Pope Pius X., the thirteenth centenary of England's great apostle, Pope Gregory the Great, was celebrated on Saturday. It was Gregory who sent Augustine to Britain and, through him, planted the seeds of Christianity in the country and rescued it from the worship of idols.

In the unfinished, yet magnificent, Roman Catholic cathedral at Westminster there was a rich and noble religious pageant to mark the festival of the saint. At eleven o'clock the high Pontifical Mass began. The church was crowded with worshippers, who rose and watched with reverent gaze the opening procession as it wound its way round the building.

Youthful-Looking Archbishop.

Sweet-voiced singers chanting the "Litanies of the Saints," ascetics and leaders of the church robed in white and gold, sombre-garbed monks of all the orders filed through. Last of all came the Archbishop, youthful-looking, yet dignified. In one hand he carried a crozier, with the other he gave a blessing.

So the procession passed along till the choristers divided into two streams, and went behind the high altar, while the priests filled the sanctuary, and the Archbishop took his seat on his throne to the left of the altar.

The Bishop of Newport preached a sermon concerning the career of St. Gregory, and afterwards mass was solemnised. A telegram in Latin was subsequently sent to the Pope, asking for the Apostolic blessing.

In connection with the centenary a Votive Mass was celebrated in Roman Catholic churches throughout the world yesterday by special authority of the Pope.

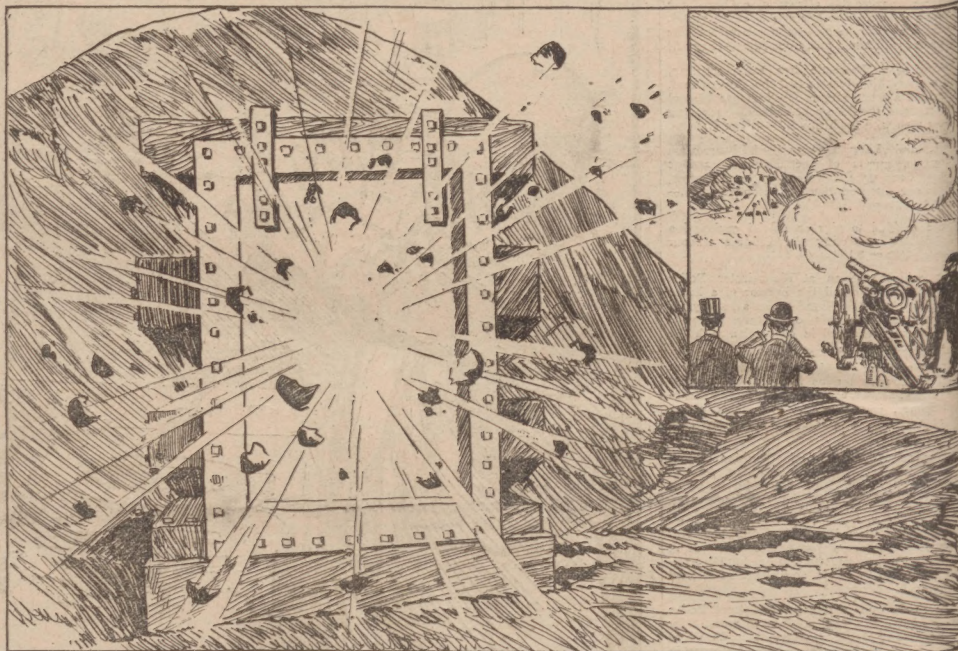
"CURE FOR LOVE."

More Opinions From Our Readers on the Efficacy of Marriage.

Whether marriage kills love, as Dr. Bernard Hollander declared last week, or whether husbands and wives still remain lovers, is a question which clearly interests a great many people. In fact, it is a question upon which most of the husbands and wives in the country are ready to give their opinions without hesitation.

Most of the letters we have received with reference to those which appeared on Saturday are on the side of "Anti-Humburg," who very roundly told Dr. Hollander he did not know what he was talking about. Here is a husband's testimony, for example:—

I admit that after a time one does begin to feel that you have married somebody different to the girl you were engaged to. But in my case I found this "somebody" was a much more really lovable person than my fiancée had ever been. I don't consider that I knew what deep, enduring love was until I had been married for two years, and I believe there are



In order to test a safe door, Sir George Chubb, the great safe builder, had it used as a target for a 100-lb. chilled steel shell, fired from an Armstrong gun at 50 yards' range. The safe door was undamaged, but the shell was shattered into fragments.

many many husbands who would say the same.

Contrast with this the bitter little letter which comes from "A.C.G., Holland-road, Kensington."

Of course, Hollander is right. Doctors generally know. But what is the good of proclaiming it upon the house-tops? Let the poor fools who are engaged enjoy themselves while they can. If the truth were told and believed, marriages would stop altogether.

"Ethel M." is of the same opinion as "A. C. G.," but expresses herself in a plaintive strain.

I am sorry to say I found that my husband's love soon got cured by marriage. At first he waited on me hand and foot, gratified my least wish, spent all his spare time in my company. How different, alas! is his conduct now (eighteen months after marriage). If only I could win his love back! I have a friend who says I do not take so much care of my appearance as I did before I married, but I have no heart for that now, and surely such a thing as looks could not make any difference.

Several correspondents think "Anti-Humburg" is an exceptionally fortunate woman in having kept her husband's love quite fresh and being able to return it, but most of them agree that in the majority of cases in their experience there is a good deal of love left to sweeten married life.

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

After pinching his finger an Aylesbury farmer named Simons has died from lockjaw.

Riotous demonstrations at Prague against the Germans still continue. The police on Saturday made fourteen arrests.

Colonel Sir Lees Knowles, M.P., who takes a very keen interest in volunteering, is presenting an extensive new shooting range to the Salford Volunteers.

The combined military and naval manoeuvres at Gibraltar have now been concluded. The mobilisation of the fortress (says Reuter) was successful, the capabilities of defence being highly tested both day and night.

In the German Reichstag on Saturday Herr Bebel declared that the Social Democrats could not support the proposed increase in the number of non-commissioned officers, as the army was a thoroughly undemocratic institution.

Students reading Shakespeare for the coming examinations may see their particular plays at the Camden Theatre, N.W., when Mr. F. R. Benson commences a week's engagement on March 21. "Richard II." and "Julius Caesar" are the plays

lection in the afternoon was exactly double the amount.

Italian deputies rejected by 175 votes to 87 the Bill for the observance of Sunday as a day of rest.

British wheat sold at an average price of 29s. 1d. per quarter last week, an increase of 4s. on the corresponding figures of last year.

For having attempted to enter Roumania with a false passport a Russian doctor named Alexandroff has been arrested at Ungeni. He will be expelled from the country.

Colombian Government bondholders resident in Malta have resolved to ask his Majesty's Government to protect their interests with the Governments of Colombia, Panama, and the United States.

Prince Prosper d'Arenberg, recently acquitted of a charge of murder, and now confined in an asylum at Ahrweiler, accepts his position with perfect indifference, spending his time in eating and sleeping.

As a train from King's Cross was entering Finsbury Park Station on Saturday a young woman, apparently about twenty-five years of age, whose identity is at present unknown, threw herself in front of the engine and was instantly killed. A

SAFE DOOR TESTED WITH ARTILLERY.

A NEW



The police raided a house where were two large dynamite

SAILOR PRINCE

Greatly Interested in at Portsmouth

The Prince of Wales, true to his name, has never been happier than when in a submarine. His penchant for the craft was shared by the Princess, and the couple were next seen, and they were not being much more than usual.

On Saturday afternoon the Prince visited the submarine flotilla at Portsmouth, where they were shown the latest in submarine diving, and from the submarine dived, and from the submarine dived, and from the submarine dived.

Next the Prince and Princess visited the great Admiralty, and the Prince, who was the original condition. The guns of the submarine were next seen, and the couple went to the upper deck to see the spectacle of naval manoeuvres with men acting as ships.

A very pretty sight this was when the King's comment was that the Prince, once an expert himself, spoke in compliment to the men's smartness.

The submarines, however, have been, and he wanted to know why the party came ashore. John Fisher took the Prince to a submarine high and dry, like there the royal Admiral got the desired of seeing all about our fighting ship, both inside and out.

MISS VIOLA TREE IS NOT THE FIRST ACTRESS OF THE NAME TO PLAY "VIOLA."



Miss Viola Tree, daughter of Mr. Beerbohm Tree, has just made her debut as 'Viola' in 'Twelfth Night.'



Miss Maria Tree, who is not related to Miss Viola Tree, also played Viola. One of these two pictures, which are from old engravings, shows her in the part.



Miss Ellen Tree, afterwards Mrs. Charles Kean, also made her appearance as Viola in 1826.

A NEW MINT WHICH HAS BEEN RAIDED BY THE POLICE.



The police raided a house in Tyer-street, Vauxhall, and found that the premises were one huge factory for counterfeiting and manipulating of coins. There were two large dynamos, a smelting pot, large electric batteries, gutta-percha moulds, sheets of silver and copper, and quantities of chemicals. Two men were arrested. The story of the raid is told on page 6.

SAILOR PRINCE GEORGE.

Greatly Interested in Submarines at Portsmouth.

The Prince of Wales, true sailor at heart, is never happier than when in naval uniform and amongst ships. His penchant for the Navy is shared by the Princess, and the royal pair are keenly enjoying their stay at Portsmouth, especially as they are not being much worried by ceremonial.

On Saturday afternoon the Prince and Princess visited the submarine flotilla and saw some of the new sighting and other devices. They were also shown how war is made under water. One of the submarines dived, and from its subaqueous position sent a torpedo bumping into the sides of the old warship Colossus. Of course, the weapon was a mere dummy.

Next the Prince and Princess went to Nelson's Victory, where they were shown the spot where the great Admiral fell, and also the cockpit in which he died. This has been restored to its original condition. The guns which thundered at Trafalgar were next seen, and then the royal couple went to the upper deck and saw the novel spectacle of naval manoeuvres being carried out with men acting as ships.

A very pretty sight this makes. "Splendid" was the King's comment when he saw it, and the Prince, once an expert in naval signals himself, spoke in complimentary terms of the men's smartness.

The submarines, however, had taken H.R.H.'s fancy, and he wanted to know all about them, so when the party came ashore again Admiral Sir John Fisher took the Prince to a dock wherein lay a submarine high and dry, like a stranded whale. There the royal Admiral got the opportunity he desired of seeing all about our newest type of fighting ship, both inside and out.

FAMOUS PICTURES.

Millais's "Caller Herrin'" Fetches 1,600 Guineas.

Proceedings at Christie's on Saturday were distinctly tame by comparison with the excitement of the Townshend sale. Yet, a few pictures of the mid-Victorian period realised considerable prices.

The chief honours of the day went to Sir J. E. Millais's well-known work, "Caller Herrin'," a pleasing painting of a young fisher-girl seated on a bank with a basket of bright silvery herrings at her side. It was sold for 1,600 guineas. A large allegorical figure of "Time," painted by the same artist in 1895, less than two years before his death, failed to attract, and was bought in at 145 guineas.

An interesting event was the sale of John Philip's "Water Drinkers," a Spanish scene, which has often been exhibited since its first appearance at the Royal Academy of 1862. Eighteen years ago this work was sold in the collection of H. McConnel, Esq., for no less than 2,450 guineas; but fashion has changed since then, and on Saturday the highest bid obtainable was 950 guineas, showing a drop of over 70 per cent. in its value since 1886.

Several of the pre-Raphaelites were represented, notably Rossetti, with a very characteristic work, "The Bower Meadow," which fetched 800 guineas; and Burne Jones, whose water-colour, "Theseus and Ariadne," was sold for 220 guineas.

H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge continues to make good progress towards recovery.

The Fleet at Malta, consisting of about eight battleships, eight cruisers, and twenty torpedo-boat destroyers, commanded by Admiral Sir Compton Dromie, sailed on Saturday for a three weeks' cruise. Corfu, among other places, will be visited.

PROMISE OF SPRING.

First Church Parade of the Season Draws a Crowd.

Although by the calendar spring does not actually begin until the 21st of this month, the brilliant weather of the week-end was generally welcomed by Londoners as the opening of the season.

For the time of the year the weather was indeed ideal. Encouraged by the comparative mildness and the absence of rain, crowds of people took advantage of the bright spell to run down to the south coast, whilst motor enthusiasts made little trips into the country in quite large numbers.

Perhaps no better token of the coming of bright weather can be had than the aspect of Covent Garden. The brilliant appearance of the market on Saturday morning, crowded with beautiful daffodils and narcissi, sounded the death knell of winter and the disappearance of the foreign violets and the chrysanthemums from the flower stalls.

There was a relieving touch of colour in the new gowns and frocks to be seen everywhere yesterday, and the more effective costumes were destitute of any embellishment suggestive of winter.

What was practically the first church parade of the season took place yesterday. Scores of well-known society people met in the Park to enjoy the first sunshine. Crowds of people assembled to look on, and from the corner of Marble Arch to Hyde Park Corner, on the Lane side, and on the lawn behind the "promenade ground" crowds of pretty girls and a good sprinkling of men gathered together to admire the bright toilettes of the ladies, and to get an idea of what will be the correct fashion for the spring.

Eleven of the eighteen members of the Sevenoaks fire brigade were presented with long service medals at a church parade yesterday. The united service of the eleven men reached 201 years.

MAN WHO EATS CATS.

Mysterious Stalker of Roof Game in Bloomsbury.

Considerable interest is felt in the neighbourhood of Russell-square in the man who eats boiled cats. Since the landlord of a Bloomsbury boarding-house told his story at Bow-street owners of cats have kept a careful eye on their feline pets.

A *Daily Illustrated Mirror* representative found a lady in Keppel-street who has lost two valuable cats within the last six weeks, and the man who eats cats, she declares, is a tall, gaunt, clean-shaven person of about fifty, and he wanders round the streets early in the morning.

"I believe," she remarked, "that he has been a traveller, an explorer, or something of the kind, and has picked up his nasty habit in some of those uncivilised countries where they eat all kinds of strange things."

This lady is going to keep a close watch on her suspect, for she intends, if possible, to have revenge for the loss of her two pets.

The police regard the matter as beyond their province.

"If I saw a cat-stalker," said one constable, "what could I do?" There is no law to prevent a man eating cats if he wants to, and I can't tell whether any particular cat is private property which he could be charged with stealing."

MORTUARY AS NATURE STUDY MUSEUM.

Stepney Borough Council Libraries Committee report they have completed their arrangements for converting the disused mortuary at St. George's-in-the-East to a nature study museum. An anonymous donation of £100 has been received by the curator of the borough museum towards the object in view.

SATURDAY'S LAW AND POLICE.

COINERS' DEN.

Police Story of a Huge Factory Equipped with Tools for Manipulating Gold.

Outwardly, 58a, Tyer-street, Vauxhall, has no feature distinguishing it from ordinary business premises. The facade of the shop bears the letters "Appleton and Co., engineers." The police, however, according to evidence given in a charge before the Westminster magistrate on Saturday, have discovered that the interior of the house has been fitted up as a factory for producing counterfeit coin on a very extensive scale.

Two men, Ralph Appleton, thirty-eight, an engineer, and Frederick Brooker, forty, also an engineer, both giving the same address in Tyer-street, were charged with "impairing and diminishing his Majesty's gold coinage," with the manufacture of counterfeit coin, and with being in the possession of coining implements.

Detective-inspector Frank Knell stated that on Friday the two prisoners were seen to leave 58a, Tyer-street and ride away in different directions on bicycles. Appleton was followed and arrested.

The premises in Tyer-street were then searched and were found to be one huge factory for the purpose of making and manipulating coin. There were two large dynamos, a smelting pot, quantities of sheet silver and copper, various counterfeit coins, large electric batteries, and many gutta-percha moulds arranged in sets to hold gold coin.

Guarded by a Ferocious Dog.

The detectives also found in a back room a large bath full of a coloured liquid, a glass jar presumably containing gold dust, quantities of chemicals and various other appliances.

Appleton had about £50 in postal orders in his possession. The premises, witness added, were guarded by a ferocious dog, and the front window-panes were frosted.

One of the prisoners mentioned that a large number of sovereigns—some 57—were on a table wrapped in a newspaper. Inspector Knell stated that they had not been found, but the search was not completed.

Detective-Sergeant Beard deposed that Brooker was arrested with about £14 in gold, and money and postal orders for nearly £50 in his possession.

These postal orders, Inspector Knell suggested, showed the very large amount of coin continually passing through the prisoners' hands.

The magistrate remanded the prisoners in custody.

The police regard the discovery as a most important one; in fact, the Chief Commissioner of Police paid a visit to the house in Tyer-street on Saturday evening.

MOTHER'S APPEAL FOR HER CHILD.

Mrs. Una Clementina Pinckney was successful in petitioning the Court of Appeal on Saturday to set aside an order of the King's Bench Court to give up her child to the custody of its father.

The parties were married in 1890 in the Argentine, where the husband, Mr. Pinckney, had resided for seventeen years, and had a farm. The child was born in the Republic, and is now four and a half years old.

With the consent of her husband, Mrs. Pinckney came to England in 1901. She made allegations of cruelty against Mr. Pinckney, accusing him of having broken his vow to allow the child of the marriage to be brought up in her faith. She also alleged that he had made use of her affection for the child to extort money from her mother. Counsel said it could not be disputed that the husband borrowed from the lady's mother £5,000 to pay off a heavy mortgage on his farm.

While staying with her mother at Kensington Mrs. Pinckney wrote one or two affectionate letters to her husband, which she said was with the object of keeping him away. But in October, 1902, he arrived at Kensington, and asked for her. He told her she was unwell. Then she went abroad, and now she declared that she would rather lose her life than return to him.

The order was quashed with costs, their lordships holding the writ was issued under a mistake and without jurisdiction.

SERENADED BY THE POLICE.

Summoned at the Mansion House on Saturday, in respect to the conduct of her house, the St. Ann's Tavern, Carter-lane, City, the landlady, Minnie Vibart, asserted that the prosecution was on the part of another licensee, jealous of the trade she was doing.

It was, she said, her custom, when she went to bed at night, to have her blind a little way up, and Inspector Palmer (the informant) had come into the court, whistled, and kissed his hand—in fact, played Romeo.

Inspector Palmer: I assure you, Mrs. Vibart, you are mistaken. I have not been in the court at all.

Defendant: Oh, yes, you have, with other officers as well—one of them plays the hautboy in the band.

The Lord Mayor fined the defendant £5.

ABUSING A COUNTESS.

Described as a housekeeper, a woman named Mary Secomb was at Westminster Police Court on Saturday charged with writing libellous and threatening letters to her former employer, Evelyn Countess of Lisburne.

The prisoner was most excited on being placed in the dock, and shouted language of an exceedingly abusive nature to Lady Lisburne in the witness-box, whom she did not appear to recognise. "Where is Lady Lisburne?" she frequently repeated.

Mr. Horace Smith said the condition of the prisoner was such that prosecutrix need not give evidence, and remanded the prisoner to be examined by the prison doctor.

GLOVED BURGLARS.

Evading the Terrors of Finger-Print Identification.

Scotland Yard has met with much success in identifying criminals by their finger-prints, and the modern burglar realises that in covering his tracks he must devote particular attention to obliterating such incriminating clues.

That the cracksmen can destroy the efficiency of this method of identification was shown in a case before the Windsor magistrates on Saturday, when the burglary which took place some months ago at Lady Mary Currie's residence, Clewer Hill, was recalled. The thieves were successful in getting away with jewellery worth £500, which they found in the bedroom of Mrs. Horaby, who had been recently married to the Provost of Eton's son.

The burglary was very skillfully carried out while the family was at dinner. The police diligently sought for clues to the identification of the criminals, but their attempts to obtain finger-prints were

OUT OF HIS OWN MOUTH.

Murderer Whose Questions in Court Proved His Guilt.

For the murder of Mary Elizabeth Gilbert at Hanley in January last Henry Jones, a collier, was sentenced to death at Staffordshire Assizes on Saturday.

In the house in which the two had lived together a forger named Johnson also occupied a room. Jones became jealous of him and went about breathing warnings of impending tragedy.

Early one morning Jones and his victim were found in bed with their throats cut. The woman, whose skull was fractured, was dead. Jones said it was all through Johnson, and had left a note to that effect upon the mantelpiece. One sentence ran:—

"I thought I would kill her before he should have her."

In the bedroom a bloodstained knife and hammer were found, and during the proceedings before the

COINERS' DEN, RAIDED BY THE POLICE.



The police have succeeded in breaking up what is alleged to be one of the largest manufactories of counterfeit coin of recent years. This sketch, which is from a special photograph, shows the house in Tyer-street, Vauxhall, where the sham coins are said to have been made.

entirely unsuccessful, for from the slight traces of their presence that remained it was evident they had worn gloves in order to make the marks indistinguishable.

Several panes of glass and the panels of doors were sent to Scotland Yard for examination, but nothing could be made of the impressions.

It was discovered, however, that most of the stolen gems had been disposed of to a man who decamped to South Africa before the police could lay their hands on him.

These facts were stated in evidence brought to support a charge against a man named John Clark, alias Gatton, who was alleged to have been loitering near the house on the night of the burglary. The magistrates, however, held that the evidence was insufficient, and discharged the accused from custody.

DUKE ON OVERCROWDING.

John-street, Marylebone, was the scene of an interesting ceremony on Saturday, when the Princess Louise (Duchess of Fife), accompanied by the Duke, laid the foundation stone of some new dwellings which are there being provided by the borough council.

The dwellings are in the form of self-contained flats, at low rentals, and are intended as substitutes for underground kitchens, in which many poor people are condemned to live.

The Duke of Fife, in a brief speech, said some of them would have preferred to leave the housing of the working classes to private enterprise, aided by philanthropists, but, as these were not plentiful, he congratulated the council upon being bold enough to grapple with the terrible evil of overcrowding.

Potteries stipendiary magistrate Jones caused a sensation in court by asking a medical witness which instrument had been used first, and confirming the doctor's diagnosis by incriminating himself.

At the Assizes counsel for the defence was compelled to let the evidence against Jones pass unchallenged. After sentence had been passed the condemned man completely broke down, and had to be assisted from the dock.

GALLANT 'BUS PASSENGERS.

In answer to a summons for overloading his 'bus a conductor explained to the Worship-street magistrate on Saturday that it was a wet evening and that while he was on the top of the conveyance collecting fares three young women on their way home from business jumped in and three young men inside gave up their seats to them.

Holding that the conductor was not to blame the magistrate dismissed the case.

It will be remembered that a few days ago, at North London Police Court, a young man, who had given up his seat on a tramcar to a lady, was fined for contributing to the overcrowding of the car.

By taking cyanide of potassium Charles Edward Guest, a bank clerk, living at Shepherd's Bush, had imitated Whitaker Wright's suicide, the Hammersmith coroner observed on Saturday.

The improvement in the condition of Mr. Mead, magistrate at the Thames Police Court, is maintained.

JEALOUS WOMAN'S CRIME.

Surgeon's Wife, Disguised as a Man, Blinds a Servant Girl With Vitriol.

As chief witness against Mrs. Lavinia Coulson, the young wife of a Keighley veterinary surgeon, Hannah Maria Keneck was led into the witness-box at Leeds Assizes on Saturday. That she had to be conducted into the box was in itself the most damning evidence against the prisoner, for it brought into prominence the fact that the witness was blind, the result, as the jury found, of Mrs. Coulson having thrown vitriol into her face.

Keneck was a servant in the household of Dr. Carter, of Keighley. Mrs. Coulson was jealous of the girl who admitted having driven out with Mr. Coulson on one occasion. Mrs. Coulson had been overheard to say, "I will blind Keneck before I have done with her."

One day, during her master's absence from home, Keneck was called to the door by Mrs. Coulson, who, dressed as a man, requested alms. She went away, but returned again, and threw the contents of a can of vitriol into the face of the girl when she answered the door. Both eyes were destroyed, and the magisterial proceedings were twice adjourned owing to Keneck's serious condition.

The jury, in finding the prisoner guilty, recommended her to mercy. She was sentenced to three years' penal servitude.

LOVE AMIDST THE COFFINS.

Undertaker's Workshop as a Lovers' Trysting Place.

As a lovers' trysting place the workshop of a Bethnal Green undertaker may not commend itself to all young hearts; but in the course of a case before the Worship-street magistrate on Saturday it was shown that lovers have met amidst such gruesome surroundings.

A young blacksmith had been summoned for assaulting a young undertaker, a solicitor stating to the magistrate that love, jealousy, a jilted lover, and the goodwill of a girl were at the bottom of the affair.

The undertaker, a fair young man in spectacles, said he had been working at finishing coffins when eleven o'clock on the night in question. He admitted that the young woman—the alleged lover—was sitting in the workshop, and was living in the house, a lodger, with his mother.

The Solicitor: And I suppose she came down to the shop where you were at work?

Complainant: She sometimes comes down to chat.

You make love among the coffins?

The case was eventually dismissed.

BURGLARS TAKE A PRAYER-BOOK.

Police officers were yesterday busily engaged making inquiries in connection with a burglary which occurred on Saturday on premises tenanted by Messrs. Boots, Limited, chemists and fancyware dealers, in High Holborn.

Business-like methods seem to have been employed by the thieves, who managed to secure entry on the third floor. Forcing several doors they made their way to the shop and opened a case containing silver-ware goods. Only the most portable articles of best quality were chosen. They even went to the length of doubling up a silver tray so that it might be more easily carried. Being coming alarmed, however, they left it behind. The missing things include a prayer-book in a silver case.

PHOTOGRAPHED THE OFFICER.

When Edwin Charles Taylor, sixty-one, a Bowditch photographer, was charged on remand at Southwark Police Court on Saturday with bigamy, the magistrate asked warrant-officer Moffatt if it was not a fact that he knew the prisoner well.

"Yes, sir," said Moffatt. "On one occasion, after paying me money due by his wife in respect of some arrears, he insisted on photographing me, and sent me an enlarged portrait, which I have now." (Laughter.)

Prisoner was sent for trial.

GUTTER MERCHANTS TO BE RESPECTABLE.

Licences for juvenile traders in the City will in future not allow any boy to trade in the streets before six a.m. or after nine p.m. between April and September, or before seven a.m. or after eight p.m. between October and March. No licence will be granted in case of physical unfitness, and licences will be endorsed if holders are guilty of begging or imposition, or are convicted.

Holders of licences will be restricted from entering, for the purpose of trading, premises licensed for public entertainment or for the sale of intoxicating liquors, and must be properly and decently clad.

Wells Workhouse inmates have revolted against suet pudding.

Two of the Kishineff rioters convicted of murder have been sentenced to four years' and three months' hard labour respectively. Thirty-six others were acquitted.

"Le Petit Journal" states that the Canadian Government has purchased for £15,000 the German steamer Gauss, which recently made a voyage towards the South Pole. The steamer will be put at the disposal of Captain Bernier, the chief of the Canadian North Pole expedition.

Unanimously, a special meeting of the Isle of Wight Conservative Association on Saturday passed a resolution authorising the executive to consider the selection of another candidate in place of Major Seely, who, from his persistent opposition to the Government, could no longer claim to represent them in the island.

READ THESE ARTICLES IN THE MARCH "LONDON,"

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WHY GOLF APPEALS TO CLEVER MEN . . . S. WHITTELL KEY.
THE BRAIN OF A GREAT RAILWAY.

Etc., etc., etc.

The "LONDON" is a SHILLING MAGAZINE for 4d.

WHY WORK AT ALL?



This question has been asked by the "Daily Mail" in connection with the laxity shown by the St. Marylebone Guardians in administering the poor law. Mr. Bumble would be aghast if he could see how lazy ruffians live nowadays at the public expense.

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. TO-NIGHT, at 9.
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Preceded, at 8.20, by THE WIDOW WOOD.
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At 8.15 A QUEEN'S MESSENGER.

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MONDAY, MARCH 14, 1904.

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OUR SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS
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See Page 16.

British Interests Betrayed.

Is the Government playing quite fair with the nation in the matter of the Ordinance permitting Chinamen to be imported into South Africa? The official statement to the effect that the King (which means the King's Ministers) had decided "not to disallow" this step concluded with the remark that the Ordinance "could not, however, be brought into operation for the present." Whether this meant that the Government had told Lord Milner it could not come into operation for the present, or whether it was merely a piece of information for the Press, did not appear.

It does appear now, however, that all the Colonial Office meant by its cryptic sentence was that certain formalities had to be completed before the shipping of Chinese labourers can actually begin. One of two things, therefore: either the Colonial Office intended to mystify the public, or else it drew up its information in such a careless, slipshod, unintelligent way that it mystified people without meaning to do so. Of the two we are inclined to put our money on the latter explanation. It is the way of Government officials, when they cannot withhold information altogether, to fling scraps of it to their masters, the public, without caring whether they are intelligible or not.

What the Colonial Secretary ought to have done was to see that a proper statement was issued explaining why the curious form of words "it is his Majesty's pleasure not to dis-

allow the Ordinance" had to be used (it is merely a piece of official red-tape), and also making clear what was meant by the statement that the Ordinance could not come into operation at once. Then it would have been seen directly that the Government had given way to the Randlords, and thereby knocked yet another nail into the coffin which they seem to be determined to fashion for themselves.

Lord Rosebery only touched in a sentence upon this question in his stimulating speech at Newcastle. He knows quite well that there is no need to drive home to the minds of the people of this country the evils of the mine-owners' policy. We put no faith whatever in the assurance that the Chinese will be kept strictly separate from the rest of the population and sent back to China when the Randlords have done with them. We do not believe this to be possible, nor do we suppose that any of the —heimers or —bergs or —steins care whether it is possible or not. And even if it were possible, we should still be utterly opposed to a plan which throws down the hope of South Africa being a white man's country and sacrifices British racial interests to those of cosmopolitan finance.

BREAKFAST TABLE TALK.

A Sunday contemporary heads the account of a lecture on Dante "A Very Unique Poet." This is a nasty knock for those who have hitherto maintained that Dante was only rather unique.

The wrestling craze seems to have affected all classes of society. The Worship-street magistrate listened on Saturday to the tale of a young woman who had thrown over a blacksmith to whom she was engaged.

In the latest fight at Port Arthur the Japanese lost a torpedo-boat and the Russians a destroyer. This presumably means simple honours to Japan, but the exact number of points scored is a matter for naval experts to disagree about.

Great sympathy will be felt with Buffalo Bill, who is seeking a divorce from his wife on the ground of cruelty. Mr. Cody is generally

supposed to be capable of tackling any three men in the wild and woolly West, and if his wife has been in the habit of knocking him about she must be an exceptional woman. It was probably only jealousy, which kept her out of the Wild West troupe.

It will puzzle most people to know why a St. Patrick's Day carnival ball in London should be organised by "Our Dumb Friends' League." We all like to regard the Irish as our friends, when they will let us, but "dumb" friends, well—!

The Mint Inspector of Counterfeit Coin testified at West London Police Court that counterfeiters of pewter and antimony had a good ring but would not jump. Large numbers of such coins have, however, lately been sprung on an unsuspecting public.

Says a contemporary: "The Browning Club and tavern are much appreciated institutions in Walworth, and the takings at the tavern have been increasing steadily. Meantime, the managers of the settlement are appealing to the public for £2,000 to wipe off all debt." The "public" appears to be doing its best.

The P. and O. liner China has been held up by a Russian battleship in the Mediterranean and subjected to a long and close scrutiny. The Russian commander appears to have thought that she might be a Japanese torpedo-boat in disguise, but as soon as he was satisfied of the neutrality of China the vessel was allowed to proceed.

A very hard case was that of an applicant at Southwark Police Court who wanted to recover her late husband's money. She was advised to engage a solicitor, but she pointed out that whenever she did so the other side immediately did the same. The magistrate, Mr. Paul Taylor, though an able man and well versed in the law, was unable to find any way out of this remarkable deadlock.

Mr. Sydney Buxton propounded a conundrum at Oxford when he said that before long power and responsibility would be in the grasp of the Liberal Party and asked "what they would do with it?" The question is a stiff one, for one cannot imagine "C.B." being anything but irresponsible. Now is Lord Rosebery's chance; if he will undertake the responsibility and let "C.B." have the power he will soon make the re-union of the party an accomplished fact.

THE GUARANTEED CIRCULATION OF "THE DAILY ILLUSTRATED"

EVICTED AFTER TWENTY YEARS.



Brasher Mills has lived in a hut in the New Forest for twenty years, and earned his living by catching snakes. He is now to be evicted from his hut. *(Photo—Stuart, Southampton.)*

MAGNETIC CROSSES.

Occult Diversion Rivals Bridge in Society.

Wonders will never cease. Bridge has at last found a rival, and the newest discovery threatens to go one better, as it has a decided spice of the

flat objects, made of silk, all the same size, about a couple of inches in length to one and a half in breadth.

They are each of a different shade of colour—white, black, red, pink, grey, mauve, orange, pale yellow, bright blue, dark blue, palest blue, emerald green, and palest green.

These crosses are arranged in a long, single line on a table, and a large magnet is held in the hand. The player must pass this magnet very slowly down

THE LAST PROFESSIONAL SNAKE-CATCHER.



There are still snakes in England, and for the last twenty years Brasher Mills has lived in this quaint hut in the New Forest and carried on his profession of snake-catcher. Now it has been decided to evict him from his strange residence. *(Photo—Stuart, Southampton.)*

occult. The game is called magnetic crosses, and is played by means of a magnet. Chromoscopy or colour science is responsible for the notion, and characters can be read, or future events predicted, by this twentieth-century magic. There are thirteen mystic crosses—small,

the line of crosses, and in doing so a cross will be attracted, and adheres at once to the magnet. But it is by no means certain that the first cross will respond; it may do so, or the player may have to pass the instrument further down the line of crosses. In any case, as soon as a cross is caught up, it must

maiden as well as her married name. Chromoscopy is the science of the future. We each of us have our danger colour, and our good colours of health and success. And we also possess our lucky number, and our best days of the week and month.

CAMBRIDGE BEATS LONDON ATHLETIC CLUB.



On Saturday the London Athletic Club held its annual match against Cambridge University, but was beaten by 6 events to 4. Our photograph shows the start in the two miles, won for Cambridge by A. R. Churchill, who is on the right of the line



In the match between Cambridge University and the London Athletic Club on Saturday, the high jump was won for the L. A. C. by G. Howard Smith, who cleared 5ft. 11in. Last year he was a member of the Cambridge team. The match ended in a win for Cambridge by 6 events to 4.

NO LEAVE FOR BRITISH OFFICERS.

It has been decided by the Army Council that during the continuance of the war between Japan and Russia no application from officers desiring to go on leave of absence to the Far East shall be entertained.



These two signalmen, Walter Down, on the right, and George Faulkes, on the left, have worked together in the signal box at Elmesthorpe Station on the L. and N.W. Railway, near Leicester, for thirty-one years. They have made no mistake in their work during that time, though the section of line is a busy one. *(Photo—Glendinning, Leicester.)*



BUFFALO BILL SEEKS DIVORCE. Colonel Cody, better known as "Buffalo Bill," is suing for divorce after 38 years of married life, on the grounds of his wife's cruelty, and alleges that she attempted to poison him three years ago. *(Photo—Campbell & Greys.)*

Russian Infantry

Stereograph copyright

PERMITS FOR

Test Case in the With

What was described new by-laws for the reg streets of London was the Bow-street magistra woman, named Amy G cess-street, London-roa butions on behalf of vncial Association in



CAPT. was Japanese attach South Africa; and I advice that the Japa vented newspaper co panying the troops

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IC CLUB.

ONE OF THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE THEATRE OF WAR.



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BRITISH OFFICERS.

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SEEKS DIVORCE.

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Russian infantry in Manchuria marching to take up their position along the bank of the Yalu River. This splendid view of the Russian troops ready to oppose the advance of the Japanese Army is one of the first photographs of the combatants taken at the scene of war. (Underwood & Underwood.)

PERMITS FOR COLLECTIONS.

Test Case in the Police Court Meets With Success.

What was described as a test case under the new by-laws for the regulation of collections in the streets of London was decided on Saturday by the Bow-street magistrate. Defendant was a young woman, named Amy Groombridge, living in Princess-street, London-road, who had sought contributions on behalf of the Metropolitan and Provincial Association in the interest of the Evelyn

had not, adding that the secretary to the association had applied to the Commissioner for one, but had been refused.

The defendant denied having collected on the occasion with respect to which she was summoned. The policeman told her not to collect, and she obeyed him.

Sir Albert de Rutzen said he could not disbelieve the evidence given by the constable. The regu-

lations were calculated to have a good effect, and they must be obeyed. As it was a test case the defendant would only be fined 5s. and 2s. costs.

RIGHTS OF POLICE CONSTABLES.

P.C. Walters, 908 T. Division, stationed at Fulham, answered at West London Police Court on Saturday an adjourned summons issued at the instance of a coffee-house keeper for assault.

Complainant was arrested by defendant for disorderly conduct, but the station sergeant refused to take the charge, and he was liberated, afterwards instituting these proceedings. For the officer Mr. Freke Palmer contended that even if

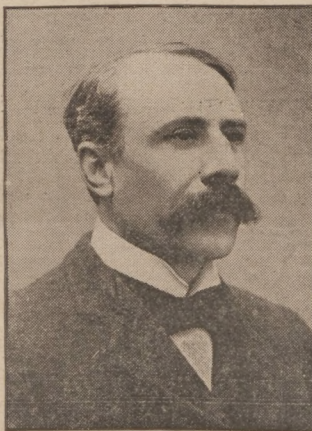
not justified in making the arrest, defendant could not, under the clause affecting the point in the Police Act, be liable to a conviction for criminal assault.

The magistrate, in expressing his agreement with that view, said the summons must be dismissed. His worship added: I hope the true construction of this clause will be brought to the minds of police constables. The conduct of the constable in this case was most indiscreet, and the arrest under the circumstances most improper. The complainant had a distinct grievance, and if he had chosen to take action in a civil court for assault and false imprisonment the constable, I have no doubt, would have had to suffer for it.



CAPT. HIRAOKA

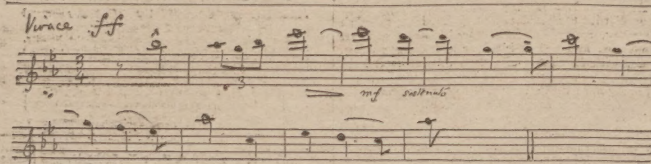
was Japanese attaché to the British Army in South Africa; and it is largely owing to his advice that the Japanese authorities have prevented newspaper correspondents from accompanying the troops during the present war.



EDWARD ELGAR.

the English composer, is to have a musical festival at Covent Garden this week. Never before in the annals of British music has there been a festival entirely devoted to one British composer. See page 13.

Homes at Brighton. She was summoned for plying her collecting-box before a queue in front of the Adelphi Theatre without a permit. Mr. Wontner, who prosecuted on behalf of the police, explained that when a constable asked the defendant if she had a permit she replied that she



The new orchestral work by Edward Elgar, which is to be performed on the third night of the special festival of Dr. Elgar's work at Covent Garden this week, is called "In the South," and is the artistic result of his first visit to Italy. This is the first melodic theme from the composer's MS.

IN "THE DUCHESS OF DANTZIC."



Miss Augarde is playing in "The Duchess of Dantzic," the successful musical comedy which is running at the Lyric Theatre. (Lalith Charica.)

AT A MAN'S MERCY.

By **META SIMMINS.**

Author of "The Bishop's Wife," &c.

"Love's rosy bonds to iron shackles turned
Are worse than red-eyed hate."

YOU CAN BEGIN THIS EXCITING STORY TO-DAY.

HOW THE STORY BEGINS.

Sir George Graham, a selfish and by no means affluent baronet, has two daughters, Pauline and Cynthia. Pauline has married John Woodruffe, a rich man, a fine fellow and a man of aesthetic taste. Although Sir George has received many favours from Woodruffe, he dislikes him, and determines that Cynthia shall marry one Fabian Griswold, a millionaire, who is utterly repugnant to the girl, both in spirit and in body. When the story opens Cynthia has a meeting with Arthur Stanton, a handsome young fellow of good birth and some means in prospect—to which he mysteriously refers—to whom she plights her troth. That same night at Langton's End, the country seat of Sir George, the two sisters, Pauline and Cynthia, exchange confidences. Pauline, Woodruffe's wife, is in terrible trouble. Some years before she became the wife of Woodruffe, and whilst still a mere girl, she had been entrapped into a secret marriage with an utter scoundrel, Miles Farniole, a family connection. Farniole, after casting the girl off, and bidding her to think of the prospect as a mere empty form, sets forth to visit Mexico, but it is reported that he and every soul on board the vessel in which he sailed has perished. During this momentous interview between the sisters at Langton's End, Pauline reveals the fact that Farniole has returned, that he had a wife already when he married her, and that she demands a price for his silence. Cynthia, to save her sister, goes up to London to take counsel with her uncle, Oswald Drummond. Whilst she is telling him the whole story, both as to Farniole's return and as to her own engagement with Arthur Stanton, her uncle Drummond, a hard business man, shows some irritation as to her not having preferred Fabian Griswold, and produces some magnificent jewels from his safe, saying, "Why, all there—and amongst them this world-famed emerald—were intended for you by Griswold." One of the beautiful gems falls on to the floor, and Cynthia is just disarranging a heavy curtain, in order the better to look for the gem, when there stands revealed to her the form of her lover, Stanton, whom she had thought miles away.

She is about to utter an exclamation, when the electric light is switched off suddenly, there is a scuffle and a cry, and Oswald Drummond, Cynthia's uncle, gasps out, "Save the emerald!" In the darkness, Cynthia rushes to the door to give the alarm. When she returns to the room the light has been switched on again, and Oswald Drummond lies on the floor, stabbed in the back and dead, whilst the jewels and all traces of Arthur Stanton have disappeared.

After a day or two Farniole is arrested on suspicion. Sending for Pauline, he tells her that unless she can get him off he will reveal her secret to the world. At the same time he hints that it would be easy to implicate her sister's lover. Pauline is horrified at the thought, but nevertheless she sets herself to work, and in a few days Stanton, and is so far successful that he also is arrested. Then Pauline finds out that he has a staunch friend in Fabian Griswold, who determines to do all he can to prove his innocence.

CHAPTER XIX. (continued.)

Mrs. Woodruffe turned upon him with the utmost indignation. "This is beyond a joke," she said, laughingly. "Really, Mr. Griswold, I am not interested in games—they bore me. Come, won't you go to the studio and see my husband's new picture? I'm so sorry I forgot it before, for the light will not be so good now. But John has a very patent arrangement in lights, and sometimes works, indeed often works, at night."

"I think I will not trouble Mr. Woodruffe this afternoon," the emphasis was delicate but distinct. "I would like to have this little talk with you in my dear lady, is divided into two sets of people—those who know and those who don't; it's a variant of the old 'eyes and no eyes' of the 'reading without tears' days. I owe my present position to the fact that Providence mercifully included me in the first division. I know many various and most interesting things of which you do not dream. Mr. Farniole, for example, and his interesting, if somewhat heartless and unprofitable career, are mere passing items in my knowledge of family histories. For example, with regard to yourself, that little episode at Settle-on-Sea, which began so romantically and ended so, may I say, sordidly?"

"Stop, stop," cried Pauline. "I don't want to hear any more." She caught unsteadily at the chair from which she had risen and faced him tremblingly, with fear in every line of her drawn face. She tried to speak, but her words tripped each other up on her faltering tongue; and she was shivering violently, yet her face burned, and it seemed to her as though the palms of her hands had turned to living coals.

Griswold forced her gently to sit down again, and brought a huge silver salts bottle across the room to her. "Try and calm yourself," he suggested, soothingly. "It's not playing the game to cry out before you're hurt, you know."

The pungent smell of the salts revived her, gradually the tension of her limbs relaxed, she lay back limply. It was as though the calm glance of the man, which never left her face, magnetised her back to self-possession. "Come, that's better," he said, at last, and re-seated himself.

"What, what?" she began, and could get no further.

He raised his eyebrows. "What am I going to do, do you mean?"

She nodded. Cold fingers were beating a very crescendo of fear out of her heart.

"Practically nothing, I hope. I trust there may be no necessity for action on my part—where you are concerned," he added, quickly. "You must be the active member. Life is a drama, remember, and you've got your chance now to play in tragedy or comedy. I should advise comedy, it doesn't hurt so much. I want you to do me a good turn. There's a very vulgar proverb, you know, 'You scratch my back—'

"For heaven's sake, don't beat about the bush any more," she cried in distraction. "Say what

you want—that you intend to do, and put me out of my pain!"

He nodded at her slowly, maddeningly. "I'd have thought it was fairly obvious—to a woman. But there, I forgot you're the selfish sex. Well, the fact is I'm in love with your sister; I wish to marry her, and she refuses to look at me. I'm not accustomed to relinquish any of my ambitions or desires, and I've always intended to marry your sister. I beg for your intercession on my behalf."

Pauline stared at him. "You want to marry Cynthia," she repeated, "but—that is that? You don't intend to betray me to John, and—and what are you going to do with the emerald?"

"The emerald," he said slowly, "may in the meantime remain where it is." He pointed to her clenched hand, and for the first time the woman remembered that the precious, beautiful thing was clasped tightly in her palm.

"Oh," she cried, and looked down at it, forgetting everything for the moment in the joy of possession.

"And can I may count upon your sisterly intercession?"

Pauline burst into a discordant laugh. "My sisterly intercession! My Judas counsel—oh, yes, yes, that's easily promised, easily."

He had led her up to the very verge of hysteria. Her harsh laughter was choked at its birth by harsher sobs, the sounds which issued from her lips became shrill and almost catling. He stood looking down at her in dismay which was tinged with all a man's disgust at a physical and mental breakdown, and he did not hear the door behind him open, nor see that Cynthia Graham had entered the room.

She would have retreated at the hated sight of him, but the sound of Pauline's strange sobs and laughter held her arrested with surprise. She ran eagerly across the room. "Dearest, what is the matter? Are you ill? What has happened?" She glanced indignantly at Griswold, so strongly enveloped with the dignity of grief as in that moment to rise above the antipathy she felt for him.

"Mrs. Woodruffe is so tender-hearted," he explained, with easy solicitude. "I fear I have upset her. I had called to enlist her help on a matter of mercy."

With a mighty effort Pauline controlled herself. "Dear," she said, brokenly, "Mr. Griswold is very good. He has come to give us some hopeful news of poor, dear Arthur."

"Oh, what the girl looked piteously from one to the other.

"Yes. Will you tell her again?" She appealed, with a meaning look, to Griswold.

"I am only too glad to be able to bring you some reassuring information," he said, in his smooth, deep tones.

"Oh, what is it, what is it?" the girl asked, excitedly.

Pauline drew her hand beside her on the couch, and caught her hand in a hot, fierce grasp.

Thus between two hawks sat a dove, and sent thankful, friendly glances at the man, who eyed her like a satyr, pressing the hand of her sister, pledged to war against her happiness, with eager, tremulous gratitude.

CHAPTER XX. Checkmate!

On the night previous to the magisterial inquiry into the charges against Arthur Stanton, Inspector Wright hardly slept at all. When he did fall into a fitful slumber his dreams were hideous; he felt himself an intangible unit involved in some understandable comic upheaval, and roused himself from his uneasy couch with positive relief at the first glimmerings of day.

He was an extremely excitable man. Two natures warred in him—a strong Celtic strain, counterbalanced by Anglo-Saxon stolidity and common-sense. Hence, on his way to Bow-street, he found it imperative to enter, even at that early hour, a certain hostelry, and there partake of some alcoholic refreshment, which would serve the double purpose of soothing and uplifting his spirits.

He had barely sipped his glass when his name, called in coarse rattle behind him, smote unpleasantly upon his ear. He turned sharply to encounter the small and twinkling eyes of his rival, Mr. Evan Evans. He contented himself with displaying his elation at his secret and superior knowledge by a patronising nod at the Welshman.

The little bar was empty; for the hour was early, and Evans, who heartily disliked the other, fell at once to talking of professional matters.

"Still ploughing your lonely furrow, Wright?" His tone inclined to offensiveness. He was a man who bore none too good a reputation in his profession for sobriety, and it was evident that this was not the first licensed house he had honoured with his custom that morning.

"Well, yes."

"Seems to me you've gone a bit dotty over this matter," the Welshman said, with a laugh. "What do you think to gain by the arrest of that young chap, Stanton?"

Inspector Wright sipped his sherry and bitters complacently. "No, I'm not dotty," he said, "but I'm conservative. I've differed from you all along, you'll remember, and I look to to-day to prove which of us is right. After all, it's a free country, my dear Evans, and every man is entitled to his opinion."

"In our sort of work we want something more than opinions," cried the Welshman, coarsely. "I didn't think Farniole guilty when I arrested him; I knew it. Your featherbrained idea is the thought of a lunatic, and the arrest of Stanton will be the last nail in the coffin of your reputation." He laughed, with a sinister depth of meaning. "You should go in for yarn-spinning, Wright; it would about fit you."

"Ah, well, we shall see," said Wright. He was determined not to be lured into cocksure speeches.

"Yes, you'll see," cried the Welshman, "see that you're a fool." Wright merely smiled, paid for his drink, and went out.

The Welshman spat upon the floor, and uttered an unpleasant imprecation.

"He wants taking down, that chap," he confided to the barmaid; "a thorough good taking down, my dear, and he'll get it. A little imagination goes a mighty long way, but what we need are facts—"

"And will they hang that nice-looking Mr. Farniole?" asked the girl, to whom Evans was well known.

"They will, if they go by the looks of him," he retorted, freezing instantly. "He's got the regular gallow-bird face, and no mistake about it."

The barmaid tossed her head, and said that if that were the case she preferred gallow-birds' faces to some she knew of, to which pleasant the great red-haired man replied with a loud laugh, flung down a coin on the counter, and slouched out.

The dingy police court was very full. This unexpected ramification of the forthcoming sensational murder trial had created considerable interest; the public were not slow in realising the possible conclusion of this magisterial investigation.

Inspector Wright felt stirring within him sensations akin to those with which a bird of prey must sight its quarry, when Arthur Stanton entered the court. For the first time in his career he found himself actively hoping that a man might be found guilty. He felt at the moment, as he caught sight of the familiar bulk of Evan Evans in the crowd, that could he have by any possible means proclaimed himself as the burglar and murderer of the Berkeley-square sensation, he would have gladly done so, to baulk the ugly Welshman of his possible triumph.

Even the sight of Cynthia Graham, pale and harassed-looking, as she sat with her sister, the beautiful Mrs. Woodruffe, roused him to no pity. He noticed that with them was Fabian Griswold, the great millionaire, and he remembered vaguely that he had heard some rumours which coupled his name with that of Miss Graham. The detective smiled grimly to himself, and wondered what the adoring man of millions would give to know as much of Miss Graham's heart as he did, or to have her completely in his power.

The remembrance of this thought occurred to him very bitterly in the course of the morning.

If a friend in need is a friend indeed, Arthur Stanton, as he left the police court a free man, had reason to feel very grateful to his one-time rival, Mr. Fabian Griswold.

The millionaire's evidence, given with the utmost clearness and brevity, had succeeded in unshackling the charge against him. The officious zeal of the detective who arrested him had been severely censured by the presiding magistrate, and he himself had received that extremely cold-blooded thing—an official apology. Yet Stanton's feelings towards the millionaire did not consist of gratitude. They did, and they were.

He was in the position of a man who, lying down to sleep in a flowery meadow, wakens to find that in his sleep he has rolled to the extreme verge of an ugly precipice. When the detective had called upon him with a warrant to search his rooms, and had in his very presence made the extraordinary discovery of the jewels in the old-fashioned bureau, hope had shied away. The things had stared up at him, their glittering facets each a voice proclaiming guilt, to which he had no refuting answer. The jewels were there, by what agency he had not the faintest glimmer of an idea, and the man who arrested him had spoken, not much it is true, but just enough to show that he had knowledge, meaning, and knowledge, to back up the evidence of these sparkling, cruel-looking accusers. Now, at a word, Fabian Griswold had swept all suspicion from him as the sun dries morning mists. He stood free, not because he was innocent, but because it had pleased Fabian Griswold to save him from menacing danger.

As Stanton sat in his rooms in Sussex-street he weighed the whole matter with the utmost carefulness in his own mind, and the decision he arrived at was that he had a bitter enemy—an enemy who hated him with the hatred of Saul for David, and who had flung this freedom down to him, "a gauntlet with a gift in it."

The frequency of low-voiced hints that Griswold had not relinquished his intention of marrying Cynthia Graham, but that by some means he had discovered the girl's love for him, and had determined, by fair means or foul, to rid himself of his rival.

Fair means or foul? It was hard to determine which in this first passage. Before the day was done the pendulum swung with unmistakable decision. He realised with remarkable clearness Fabian Griswold's intentions towards him.

In the meantime Inspector Wright had left the police-court a sadder but by no means wiser man. His opinions stood firm, but added to the little grudge which he believed implicitly to be concerned with the murder of Mr. Drummond was Fabian Griswold. The connection between him and Arthur Stanton puzzled but did not trouble him—that was a matter possible of being worked out to some conclusion. What hurt him, what rankled in his mind and heart was the rebuke of the magistrate and the certain knowledge of the sneering Evans's triumph. He wanted to meet him, and slunk out of the court with the very distinct feeling of a whipped dog. To his surprise and intense relief he saw no sign of his tormentor, and returned home with the knowledge that that humiliation was yet to come.

As he was smoking a pipe and holding mournful counsel with the woodcock St. John, his landlady's daughter, a small and depressed daimel of some ten years, knocked at his door and thrusting her head, with its tangle of faded, ash-coloured hair, through the narrowest aperture which would admit it, announced that a letter had come for him.

"Well, where is it?" he asked.

She interrogated, the small body followed the head, and presented him with a note, standing by with obvious interest while he tore it open and read it.

"What are you waiting for, shrimp?" he asked, looking up suddenly.

"Please is there any answer; there's a gal waiting!"

He ran his eye over the note, and read an unnoticed postscript over leaf. "Tell the gal 'yes,' and be off with you," he said, and placed the letter in his pocket.

"Umph, I wonder what she wants," he asked the saint and his lamb. He took the note out again and read it through, its simple wording afforded no clue. "Dear Mr. Wright," it ran, "please may I see you at once? I am leaving Stanhope-street, shortly—Yours truly, Cynthia Graham. P.S.—If you can come, please tell the messenger, 'yes.'"

As the detective turned into Piccadilly at the Swan and Edgar corner, half an hour later, some one tapped him on the shoulder with a friendly word.

He wheeled round, and found himself face to face with one of the officers who had been present in court that morning.

"What d'you think of the news?" he asked. "Evans is about off his head over it."

"What news?" "Haven't you heard? Why, that chap Farniole has escaped—got two hours' clean start before they even missed him!"

To be continued to-morrow.

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WE CHALLENGE THE HANDCUFF KING.



Every day, Houdini, "the Handcuff King," invites the audience at the London Hippodrome to produce handcuffs from which he cannot escape. On Saturday night a representative of the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" produced a pair of special handcuffs, of which Mr. Houdini admitted he was afraid.

HOUDINI DISCONCERTED.

"Mirror" Handcuff Declined, but Public Opinion Forces a Matinee for Thursday.

Houdini, the "Handcuff King," experienced a very warm quarter of an hour at the hands of a *Daily Illustrated Mirror* representative on Saturday night in the Hippodrome arena.

It was hinted in Friday's issue of this journal that the severest possible tests would be given to a pair of handcuffs that had just been perfected by a Birmingham blacksmith after five years' ingenious toil. Reading between the lines, most people regarded a conjecture that the "bracelets" in question would be submitted to Houdini for a practical test. Those who did so were correct in their surmise.

Competition Invited.

As usual, Mr. Moss's beautiful and gigantic entertainment temple was crowded with an aristocratic laughter-loving audience. Promptly at ten o'clock Mr. Houdini entered the arena, and in a neat little speech, presented his "handcuff mystery" to the spectators, at the same time inviting all and sundry to bring their own handcuffs into the "ring."

Quietly the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* representative walked into the "lists," followed by a dozen or more gentlemen armed with handcuffs of various makes and patterns.

"Will you permit me to fasten these on your wrists?" he said to Mr. Houdini, showing the beautiful work of the Birmingham mechanic to that gentleman.

Obviously disconcerted, "America's Mystery King" took the handcuffs, gazed at them critically for a moment, and then, not thinking it good to look upon them longer, thrust them from him.

Challenge Refused.

"No," he said, moving hastily away; "I will not put them on."

"Why?" queried the journalist.

"They are not regulation patterns," Houdini returned. "I will have nothing to do with them."

A few sharp passages next occurred, and at the suggestion of the newspaper man, it was agreed to stop the music and let the audience be the arbiters.

Stepping well out into the arena, the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* representative fired first shot.

"On behalf of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*," he commenced, "I have just challenged Mr. Houdini to permit me to fasten these handcuffs on his wrists. Mr. Houdini declines. In the course of my journalistic duties this week I interviewed a blacksmith at Birmingham, who has spent five years of his life perfecting a lock which he alleges no mortal man can pick."

"The Handcuff I wish to fasten upon Mr. Houdini contains such a lock. It is made of finest British steel by a British workman, and, being

the property of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*, has been bought with British gold.

"It is all British, in fact. I think I am right in saying Mr. Houdini is an American. Americans are fond of saying that they have nothing to fear from anything British. Mr. Houdini is evidently afraid of British-made handcuffs, for he will not put on this pair."

Then, turning to Mr. Houdini, who had assumed his "war face," for the second time the journalist challenged him.

Frightened at British Work.

In grim tones, the "Handcuff King" refused again to take up the gauntlet, giving as his reason that his challenge to the public confined him to accepting regulation police handcuffs only.

"I shall now proceed with my entertainment," he concluded, as though to end the matter.

Then three pairs of ordinary handcuffs were fastened on his wrists, and Mr. Houdini a moment later had freed himself from them.

Seeing a chance of eliciting the sympathy of the audience in his favour, the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* representative stepped forward and asked Mr. Houdini to lock a pair of the handcuffs he had just rid his wrists of.

The journalist boldly took these from the "mystery king," and walking over to the arena steps in full view of the audience, gave the manacles one smart rap on the wood. Instantly the cuffs were jerked apart.

"So much for police regulation handcuffs," quietly remarked the Pressman, as he handed Mr. Houdini back the fetters.

The audience cheered and laughed, and for the third time the challenge was given. For a third time it was refused.

A Deposed King.

"Go it, *Mirror*," shouted somebody, and "go it" the journalist did.

Like a limpet he held on to his man. "Now, Mr. Houdini," he said, meaningly, "you claim to be 'Handcuff King.' Everywhere I see huge posters depicting how you have escaped from formidable Russian and German fetters and prisons. But I should like to see you break out of a London goal. To be a 'King' in any sense one must be first. If you again refuse to put on these handcuffs my contention is that you are no longer entitled to use the words 'Handcuff King.'"

"Make a match of it," yelled somebody.

Feeling the force of the remarks, and evidently realising that he was being cornered, Houdini again addressed the audience.

Trial Arranged.

"I cannot possibly accept this gentleman's challenge to-night," he ventured, "because I am restricted as to time. His handcuffs, he admits, have taken an artificer five years to make. I know, therefore, I can't get out of them in five minutes. There is not one lock in those handcuffs, but half a dozen or more. I will make a match if the management here will allow me a matinee some day next week to make the trial. It will take me a long time to get out—even if I can do so."

Cherished to the echo for this plucky resolve, Houdini's handsome face lighted up with gratitude

and relief for the kindness of his vast audience under most trying conditions.

Mr. F. Parker, the Hippodrome's clever stage and mechanical manager, was next called for, and signified his assent to the match being made for a matinee.

Thursday's Matinee.

Accordingly, then and there, in the sight and hearing of the excited spectators, it was arranged that on Thursday afternoon next Mr. Houdini would allow the representative of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* to fasten the handcuffs on his wrists.

"Till Thursday, then, Mr. Houdini," said the journalist, advancing and shaking hands on the bargain with his opponent in the "lists," "an revoir."

On the suggestion of Mr. H. W. Garrick, Press representative of the Hippodrome, quite an informal levee of those who had been present in the arena was held afterwards in the offices of Moss's Empires, Limited, to inspect the wonderful work of the sturdy British blacksmith.

The handcuff is in the shape of a figure 8, with what looks like part of a rifle barrel attached. There are twenty-one wards in the lock, which is for all intents and purposes a lock within a lock.

All were agreed that the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* has set Houdini the mightiest task of his life, and if he emerges successfully from it everyone can safely assume that no mortal man breathes who can force fetters for "America's Mystery King."

On the other hand many were asking at midnight on Saturday: "Has Houdini met his Waterloo?"

TOO MUCH SUNSHINE.

A Complaint from California Which Makes English People Envious.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

LOS ANGELES, California.

This is the land of old-young women. It is also the land of old-young men, but the latter fact is not so much a matter of importance or remark, since the whole of the United States is but a vast continent of old-young men—men of forty who look sixty, and men of sixty who look feeble and must really be spoken of as "aged men"—all of which is just the opposite of what it should be under proper conditions of work and life.

But this state of California is peculiarly a land of women who are old before their time—some twenty-five years before it. It is all on account of the "glorious" and "sunny" climate.

Truly it is sunny! I had never believed till lately that the time would come when I should feel a gentle longing for a London fog. I had never supposed I should get to feel at enmity with the sun. Every morning I look out of my window to search for the sign of a cloud in the monotonous blue, then hastily jerk it in and swathe myself in green cheese-cloth when I see the burning, blaring, glaring sun is there again.

Nobody can know what this sun is like except those who have wintered in California. You who now look through the mist and the fog at the round red ball in the London sky which, over there, we call the "sun," shade your eyes and look through a glass darkly while I describe to you the sun of California—glaring, scorching, blinding!

Far from gazing at the sun itself you cannot even look at the earth, or the pavements or the houses or the fences or the mountains which encircle you, without adding ten or fifteen years to your apparent age.

I had not been here three days when I began to feel myself withering up.

"How do you feel in our glorious climate?" asked a California woman of me on the third day.

"I feel so very queer," I replied. "Fact is I

seem to feel like the mummies look in the British Museum."

"Have you got your skin and hair specialist yet?" she asked.

"Of course not," I answered. "I don't employ specialists of that kind."

"Oh, but you must in California," she returned, as though it were the most natural thing in the world. "I'll send a young woman to you. She only charges fifty cents a treatment."

I did not engage the specialist until I had been here a week. Then an old schoolmate called on me. In the dozen years since we had met she had married and become the mother of two children. She had sent up her card before she knocked at my door, and when I opened it I looked wonderingly at the elderly woman, with grey hair, wearing glasses, who blinked and wrinkled her face at me.

The people of California have to a great extent what is called "state pride." Few of them were born here. They have come from what they call "back East." In three years they have become Californians, and look upon all other persons as "foreigners." Especially do they resent any complaint against "their sun," for, mind you, they call it theirs just as they do their own "big trees."

Out in the street most people wear glasses. New comers immediately take to wearing dark green or brown glasses to soften and tone down the light, while as for the old-timers, it seems to me that fully two-thirds of them wear glasses of the regular sort.

There is something in the sun and the air which affects the scalp, as well as the skin of the face. Women rapidly lose their hair. It falls from the



The inventor and maker of our special handcuffs, which M. Houdini, "The Handcuff King," is to try on Thursday, is a blacksmith in Birmingham, and has spent five years in perfecting his device.

head almost with the touch of the comb. Scalp specialists are as numerous and as wealthy as the oculists.

Nevertheless, it is, in certain ways, a kind and glorious sunshine. It ripens the most delicious of oranges, bananas, and dates. It makes the roses climb all over your window and from ground to roof on a mid-winter day. It penetrates into your bones, and if you had nerves in London it delivers you from their bondage.

"THE HANDCUFF KING" ACCEPTS OUR CHALLENGE.



Houdini, "The Handcuff King," after some persuasion, accepted the challenge of our representative, and at the Hippodrome matinee on Thursday he will attempt to free himself from the special handcuffs which have been made by a Birmingham blacksmith.

A PAGE OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO WOMEN.

THE OPEN-AIR GIRL.

HINTS AS TO COSTUME AND HEAD-GEAR.

The weather has so perceptibly improved that it is with more zeal than usual that the athletic girl takes up her outdoor sports again. True it is that throughout the winter she has braved the elements, finding joy in her struggle with the wind and the rain, but none the less does a fine spring day fire

the first column. It is a variety of the Tam-o'-Shanter, only it has a toque brim smartly finished with buttons to match those upon the jersey. A waterproofed wool skirt is, of course, the accompaniment of the ideal golf suit. How to arrange a motor veil has been the subject of close and careful consideration in order that it shall not blow away nor inconvenience its wearer by flapping about her face unduly. The gauze veil must be thrown back, and goggles must be worn by the woman who is her own chauffeur, but the one who is driven may wear her veil in comfort if it is properly attached to the hat all the way round and brought from the back to the front

BABY CATS.

THE TENDER TREATMENT METED OUT TO ARISTOCRATIC KITTENS.

That cats have nine lives is a saying that most certainly does not apply to the aristocrats of Pussy-land. Whether or no it is due to the more or less artificial condition in which the greater number of valuable cats pass their existence, at any rate

Puss. The services of a strong foster-mother who will take charge of the kittens are often chartered, or the young family is brought up by hand, though this involves unlimited time. When it is decided that every effort must be made to keep the kittens alive, and it is found necessary to bring them up by hand, a hot-water bag is kept on their back, and they are fed every two hours day and night for the first two days, with one part milk to two of warm water. After this time they may be given



The golfer wears a water-proofed skirt, a scarf knitted jersey with gold buttons and a pudding-shaped cap to match.



It was the chauffeur who first made the long chiffon veil popular in England.

A soft white felt hat that can be cleaned over and over again is the bicyclist's best choice.



An inexpensive and becoming leather belt, soft and flexible at the back, and drawn through a buckle in front.

to be tied beneath the chin. The smartest motor veils are those made of chiffon with chenille spots or hand-embroidered crescents upon them, and a deep border of Chantilly lace applied to the chiffon. The popular colours are pearl grey, buff, pale nut brown, a delicate blue, and a lovely sea-green.

A Hat That Always Looks Well.

A field hat that has certainly made its fame and name irrevocably is the soft white felt one, which no amount of hard and cruel treatment will spoil. Trimmed with a sash of spotted taffetas, as it appears in the third column, it is an excellent purchase, and one that is worth while investing a few shillings in, for it cleans again and again, and is always a joy, both as to its appearance and as to its comfort in wear, to its possessor.

Warm flour, French chalk, and magnesia are equally efficacious as the cleansers of white hats. The hats should have all their trimming taken off, and should be gently rubbed with the cleansing element, which should then be well brushed off with a clean brush. A circular movement should be used when felt is being cleaned.

Little by little, women are adopting the plan of wearing no hats at all out of doors, and though so far, of course, the elements are against such an exhibition of hardihood, directly the weather is warmer it is expected that hats will not be deemed a necessity by the open-air girl.

To look neat and trim about the waist should be held to be a positive duty by the open-air girl, and the broad leather belt should be remembered when a purchase of this kind is being made. Though it made its appearance in the shops a prohibitively expensive article save for the wealthy, it is now very greatly diminished in price, and can be bought in any smart colour to match a skirt or blouse.

a highly-bred puss nowadays certainly requires a fair amount of care to keep him in good health. A good-sized bed well filled with hay, which after the arrival of her family is covered with soft warm flannel, is the cosy nest provided for Mamma

sustenance at slightly longer intervals, and at three weeks old such foods as human infants have are pressed upon the little beasts. When the kittens are five to six weeks old they enjoy tiny meals of minced meat, fish, and milk puddings.

her to further efforts of valiance in the field or on the road.

The knitted golf jersey has made its name and fame very popular, and is being worn by motorists, bicyclists, and golfers alike. Some of the jerseys are fashioned with yokes, others are turned back in the front to show a vest and knotted tie beneath.

The subject of headgear is always rather a difficult one in the early spring. The golfing girl is solving it in a new way to-day by wearing the little pudding-shaped cap shown in the sketch of

and an excellent supper was served at round tables in the dining-room.

In Grosvenor-Place.

Lady Esther Smith's house looked lovely decorated with masses of spring flowers, azaleas, lilacs of the valley, and ferns. There, too, a band played, but in the ballroom, and there were so many guests present that two suppers were necessary.

Quite a number of diplomatic folk were there, among them the American Ambassador and Mrs. Choate, Mme. de Billie and her daughter, Mr. Henry White and Miss White. Lady Iveagh, who has just arrived from Ireland, was present, as well as Lady Sandhurst, the Duchess of Montrose, Lady Ebrington, Mrs. Henry Stanhope with a handsome daughter, Lady Louisa Egerton, and Lord and Lady Arran.

Something Missing.

Everybody in the neighbourhood of Claremont is eagerly looking forward to the arrival of Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck, who are going to pay the Duchess of Albany a short visit before going on to Windsor to take up their residence

in King Henry VIII's Tower, which the King has lent them.

A rather amusing story has been told me, and is attributed to Prince Alexander of Teck in his youth, but I cannot vouch for its accuracy. At one time when he was campaigning, and having to rough it a good deal, he wrote home to his mother and said, "Now, for the first time in my life, I feel the need of a wife." Princess Mary was heartily amused at his precocity, and Prince Alexander got a good deal of chaff in return.

A Practical Joke.

Lord and Lady Denbigh have been spending a few days at Oxford, with their eldest son, Lord Feilding, who has just gone to Christ Church.

Nowadays undergraduates are a much more well-behaved and less excitable set of young men than they used to be, and the dons do not suffer in the same way from practical jokes as they did years ago.

One practical joke perpetrated by a scion of a noble house, who was a Balliol undergraduate, in the early 'sixties, cost him rather dear, for he was promptly "sent down" by the authorities.

He had been entertaining some friends in his rooms after showing them the sights of Oxford, and was escorting them across the quad en route to the

station. They were thanking him for his kindness, and said there was one thing they would have liked to have seen, and that was the Master of Balliol.

"Oh! that is easily managed; there are his rooms," replied their host, and taking up as he spoke a huge stone, he flung it straight through the window. The Master appeared with a vengeance, and the visitors regretted that they had asked to see him.

Future Events.

Lady Methuen, who is now in Cairo, is coming back rather earlier than she intended on account of the great "Head-dress Ball," which is to take place in June, at the Albert Hall. Now that Georgiana Lady Dudley is unable to be head of the committee there is an idea that Lady Methuen may take her place.

The "Living Bridge" entertainment at Hengler's on May 31 will be absolutely unique, as the cards will be dealt out freshly after each hand, and not all arranged beforehand as is usually the case.

Some of the best Bridge players in Society will take the hands, which will, of course, be played to music. Royalty has promised to be present, and the greatest interest is being evinced in the project.

THE SOCIAL PEEP-SHOW.

For two political hostesses of different parties to be entertaining on the same night was a somewhat unusual occurrence, but both Lady Esther Smith's and Lady Hayter's receptions were a great success.

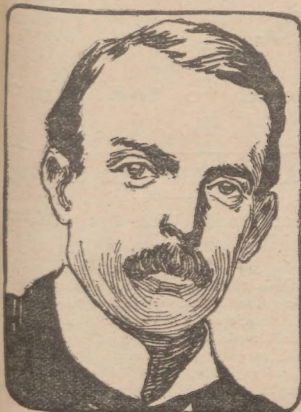
The former began with a big dinner at which the guests were the Russian Ambassador and Countess Benckendorff, Lord and Lady Cork, Lord Goschen, Lord O'Hagan, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.

After dinner a big crowd of people assembled, including a number of prominent members of the Liberal Party. Lady Aberdeen brought Lady Marjorie Gordon, and Lady Newton Miss Lettice Leigh—for whom she is giving a coming-out dance to-night. Lord and Lady Brassey, Lady St. Germans, Lady Loch and Miss Loch, and Lady Carew were also there.

A band was playing in the hall all the evening,

TIEN.

strong foster-mother
kittens are often
brought up
unlimited time.
very effort must be
made, and it is found
by hand, a hot-water
they are fed every
for the first ten
to two of warm
may be given



MR. LLOYD-GEORGE, M.P.,
was one of the guests at Brook House, where
the King dined with Lord Tweedmouth. It is
well known that the King takes a great interest
in the member for Carnarvon.

EDWARD ELGAR,

First British Composer Honoured With a Complete Festival.

The Elgar Festival, which takes place this week, marks an important stage in the annals of British music. Never before has there been a festival devoted entirely to one British composer; never before has there been one worthy of such an honour.

People have often thought that Elgar's name sounded as if it were of foreign extraction, although, as a matter of fact, it is Anglo-Saxon. But it may account for the following conversation heard at Queen's Hall not long ago, after "Sea Pictures" had been performed.

First Lady: These Norwegian composers do write such lovely songs, don't they?
Second Lady: Yes; what a pity an English composer could not write something like them?

Early Struggle.

Early days found Elgar doing comparatively humble work, playing the violin in local orchestras, giving lessons on that instrument, and playing the organ at the Roman Catholic Church at Worcester. At twenty-two he was appointed bandmaster to the County Lunatic Asylum, the band being formed from the attendants, not the patients.

In 1869 Elgar came to London and sojourned there three years, but like others before and since then, failed to get entrance to the cliques that govern musical life in London. Neither did he successfully cultivate the publisher, an art which often takes a lifetime to master.

Therefore, back to Malvern went Elgar, to work more seriously than ever at composition. For all this time his pen had been busy, and now and again a work had been heard, but only in the provinces. The fruits of the labour of these days is still to be seen in the shape of stacks of MSS., which the composer has stored up. Most of them will never see the light now, although one of them has done so.

London heard nothing of Elgar until the production of "Lux Christi" at Worcester in 1892, and "King Orla" in 1898 at Hanley. But it was not until Richter brought the Enigma Variations to London in 1899 that the London Press realised that here was a new force in music. Next year "Gerontius" was produced under Richter at Birmingham, and from that time till the present day Elgar's triumphs are too recent to bear recapitulation.

Emotional Appeal.

Of Elgar's music itself, for the great mass of the people there is a direct appeal to the emotions, which he has had the good fortune to accomplish without debasing his art.

The ear-haunting melody of the first "Pomp and Circumstance" march, one of the finest national melodies ever written, has really become "popular"; yet it is also pleasing to the cultured musician.

The dainty little "Salut d'Amour" has also had an enormous popularity. It was written many years ago, but was only published recently. The similarity of its opening phrase to that of the song "Violets" has not escaped attention, and it is always a joke with the composer that he has been accused of stealing the melody of the popular song.

The new orchestral work which is to be heard on the third evening of the festival is the artistic result of Dr. Elgar's first visit to Italy. The musical impression which the sunny south has made upon such a mature artist cannot fail to be interesting, and an important addition to Elgar's best orchestral works.

"HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR."

Captain Marshall's Maiden Play Revived at the Duke of York's.

While Captain Marshall's latest comedy, "The Duke of Killcrankie," still pursues its gay career at the Criterion, the management of the Duke of York's have had the happy idea of reviving once again the play which first introduced Captain Marshall to dramatic fame at the Court Theatre. During the few years that have passed since the production of "His Excellency the Governor" at the Court, and that of "The Duke of Killcrankie" at the Criterion, some of Captain Marshall's plays, such as "The Second in Command," and others, have been a little too sentimental to please all his admirers. So the production at the

"BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS."

Mrs. Alec Tweedie Tells Some Amusing Stories.

BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS. By Mrs. Alec Tweedie. (Hutchinson, 18s.)

Mrs. Alec Tweedie is a rare bird, not by any means because she once meant to be an actress herself and was disillusioned when she found out the work and waiting and heart-burning that a stage-career entails, but because, now that she has given all that up, she is not a bit jealous or cynical about the stage. She really likes the society of actors and actresses for its own sake, she goes to plays because she enjoys going to them, and she has just written a bright book full of good stories and character-sketches from the stage-world that so many people talk about and so few know.

Behind the footlights, as before them, Mrs. Alec Tweedie seems to know everyone worth knowing, and in this book of hers she shows a marvellous knack of catching people, as one might say, "off their guard." There have been published, for instance, many interviews with Mr. Alexander, but none quite so natural and unhearsed as this:

Lying in a hammock in the orchard of his cottage at Chorley Wood was the actor-manager of the St. James's Theatre. Seated on a garden-chair was his wife, simply dressed in white serge and straw hat. On her lap lay

dramas," said Ibsen, "unless that tray and its occupants are before me on the table."
From Ibsen at his desk Mrs. Tweedie will turn to Dan Leno at a pantomime rehearsal at Drury Lane. Here is her picture of Dan:—

A sad, unhappy-looking little man, with his MS. in a brown paper cover, was to be seen wandering about the back of the stage. He wore a thick topcoat, with the collar turned up to keep off the draughts, a thick muffler, and a billycock hat. Really one felt sorry for him; he looked so cold and wretched. He did not seem to know a word of his "book," or, in fact, to belong in any way to the pantomime.

Another somewhat melancholy impression was that of Mr. Gillette, the famous American actor, whom Mrs. Tweedie met at a lunch given by Mr. Pinero at Claridge's. Mr. Gillette took his success in "Sherlock Holmes" so dolefully as to express his wonder at not having gone mad with the monotony of appearing every night for three years in the same character.

The actresses Mrs. Tweedie has talked with are for the most part more enthusiastic, though Mrs. Kendal confesses:

I have the greatest objection to the illicit love of the modern drama. It is quite unnecessary. Every family has its tragedy, and many of these tragedies are far more thrilling, far more heart-breaking than the unfortunate love scenes put upon the stage.

Among Mrs. Tweedie's stories is to be found one regarding Sir Charles Wyndham's first appearance, which, though not new, is well worth repeating.

He was naturally extremely nervous, and on his first entrance should have exclaimed:

INVADING WOMAN.

"S. L. H." Discourses on the Lady Journalist.

Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes made merry at the expense of "lady journalists—and others," at the Institute of Journalists, in Tudor-street, on Saturday afternoon. "The others" included himself and the Dodo, to whom he likened the fast disappearing male journalist. The lady journalist, he said, could be placed in two classes—fiction and real life. There is the lady journalist of fiction, who, on being told by her editor to obtain possession of a document of European importance, kept in the shoe of the gouty Ambassador, yawns lightly, puts a pocket revolver in her muff, and jumps into a hansom. Having the eye of the ancient mariner, and great magnetic powers, she accomplishes her errand in time for the special evening edition of her paper. Thus the peace of Europe is secured.

"I once saw a picture of a lady journalist," said "S. L. H.," "standing on the footboard of an express train, looking in at a carriage window and listening to the conversation of five diplomats while she made a full note of all they said. Now even a man will own that was difficult."

Miss O'Connor Eccles, in a witty little speech, declared that women, like men, were in journalism to make a living, and handsomely

GENERAL BULLER RECEIVED BY HEROES—OLD AND YOUNG.



On Saturday, General Sir Redvers and Lady Buller visited Liverpool as guests of the National Patriotic Society. They were received by 100 veterans, among whom were young maimed heroes of the fights at Colenso, Mafeking and Kimberley.

the new type-written play in its brown paper covers, and at her feet was Boris, the famous hound. At the moment of my arrival Mrs. Alexander was hearing her husband his part. Not only does she do this, but she makes excellent suggestions, and her taste is of the greatest value as regards dresses, stage decorations, or the arrangement of crowds.

Even the stern Ibsen has been discovered by Mrs. Tweedie under conditions hardly less negligible. The great Norwegian showed her a little tray on his writing-table.

Its contents were extraordinary—some little wooden carved Swiss bears, a diminutive black devil, small cats, dogs, and rabbits made of copper, one of which was playing a violin.

"What are those funny little things?" I ventured to ask.

"I never write a single line of any of my

"I am drunk with ecstasy and success."
With emphasis he said the first three words of the sentence, and then, owing to uncontrollable stage-fright, his memory forsook him. After a painful pause, he repeated "I am drunk," and, amid a burst of merriment from the audience, rushed from the stage.

Mrs. Tweedie gives, by the way, an interesting first-hand account of a little romance of the stage that happened to the Forbes Robertsons. Mr. Forbes Robertson told her once that he had just engaged Miss Gertrude Elliott (the present Mrs. Forbes Robertson) as his leading lady, although he had never seen her before.

The next news that Mrs. Tweedie heard of Mr. Forbes Robertson was from a poster in Chicago, where she was at the time, announcing an engagement of a very different kind that had been entered into between them.

offered to retire from the profession if the men would raise a fund to enable her to do so.

SIR R. BULLER AND THE HEROES.

General Sir Redvers and Lady Buller visited Liverpool on Saturday as guests of the National Patriotic Society. Their reception by 100 veterans was both picturesque and touching.

There were young maimed heroes of modern fights, at Colenso, Mafeking, and Kimberley, of which engagements the General spoke in kindly, cheering words to them, and a few old, grey-haired veterans.

Thousands of people cheered the visitors as they passed through the streets, and at the Adelphi Hotel a deputation representing Liverpool working men waited upon them to receive the General's reply to a testimonial they sent to him in 1902.

Court comes opportunely to remind us that it was by sheer playfulness of fancy that Captain Marshall made his name.

Epidemic of Love-Making.

In truth, how far removed from all connection with reality is "His Excellency the Governor" may be recalled by its main incident—namely, that everyone in the Amandaland Islands fell in love with one another because the aloes flowered, as it does once in fifty years. His Excellency the Governor, his aide-de-camp, and his private secretary fell in love, all three at once, with the pretty niece of the Cabinet Minister, who was on a visit to the islands. The Cabinet Minister, fresh though he was from Downing-street, fell in love with an artful, unattached "countess," who happened, also, to be wandering in these isles of Eden. Even the Cabinet Minister's elderly and terrific sister fell in love with His Excellency the Governor himself, and the finishing touch was put to the epidemic by the voice of the sentry, wafted in from the purple twilight, singing in tune with the nightingale's complaint—"I want you, my 'oney, yes, I do!" Here, indeed, is the touch of fancy, to think that the aloes must needs flower

before all this can happen! Is it not the common stuff of affairs in other islands than those of Amandaland—islands where there are no aloes at all?

Strange though it may seem, it is said that there is far less fancy about the other little thread of the story which shows how His Excellency the Governor and the rest of them were all so taken up with making love to one another that they mistook for a rising among the natives what was in reality a friendly demonstration, and fired a volley at close range upon the advancing host, doing not the faintest harm. Now that the war is over one may be permitted to remember that Captain Marshall, like Mr. Rider Haggard, had part of his experience of official life in Natal—a considerable time, it is needless to say, before the war—and those who knew the Natal of those days recognise the basis of a good deal of the satire of "His Excellency the Governor."

Honours Divided.

The revival of this clever play was received at the Duke of York's with universal favour, though, one must admit, with nothing like the enthusiasm it deserves. Perhaps that was because it doesn't give

any one actor or actress all the chances, a state of affairs which the hero-worshipping public is always partial to. Mr. H. B. Irving, for instance, and Miss Irene Vanbrugh, as the Governor and the artful Countess, have nothing serious to do, and only a share even of the fun. The chief comic character is really Mr. Dion Boucicault, who takes his old part of a private secretary in love. He has developed it into a really fine piece of character-acting, the humour of which is clinched by the fact that in this instance he has to make love to Miss Lily Grundy, who is, one may mention, none the less graceful for towering above him.

LEGACY FOR CREDITORS.

Nine years since Vyvyan Kemp, a Dover florist, was declared a bankrupt, the dividend being only 1s. 11d. in the £. Having just received a legacy of £1,500, he announces to his creditors they will now be paid in full, with 4 per cent. interest to date.

During a dense fog on Saturday, John Sandford, station-master at Draycott, Derby, was knocked down by a Midland express and killed.

ARSENAL GOING GREAT GUNS.

The Woolwich Team Troused Stockport County at Plumstead to the Tune of Five Goals to Two.

WELSHMEN EAT THE LEEK.

Ireland Proves Successful Over Wales by 14 Points to 12.

There was a lamentable clashing of international fixtures on Saturday, no fewer than three being decided on that day—two in the same town and within a stone's throw of each other.

Whatever induced the Irish Rugby Union to imagine that it had a chance of competing successfully with the "soccer" element in the one great stronghold of the Association game in Ireland, namely, Belfast, will probably never be known.

The unbusinesslike conservatism of some of the devotees of Rugby football is at times truly amazing. Saturday's match with Wales must have cost the Irish Union a pretty penny, for there were not more than 3,000 people present, while the game between England and Ireland not so many miles away drew together 16,000 spectators.

Doubtless the Irish authorities will cheerfully wipe off any financial loss they may have incurred, seeing that their representatives gained a handsome, if very narrow, victory over their redoubtable opponents. Certainly a victory for Ireland was the very last thing that the average student of Rugby football form expected, for Wales had beaten Scotland and had drawn with England, whereas Ireland had succumbed to both these countries.

The Irish forwards seem to be entitled to most of the credit for the victory, for they played the orthodox vigorous game for all they were worth, and found it pay. They never gave the Welsh backs a chance to settle down to that beautiful mechanical passing which has won so many international matches for the Principality.

Ireland's popular, if unexpected, win greatly enhances England's chance of winning the international championship. Should she defeat, or even only draw with, Scotland the title is hers.

England's Eleven.

At "Soccer" football there is not that wide difference of merit between the nations that there used to be. Already three games have been played, and two of them have ended in draws. A team that is supposed to be the very best that England can produce beat Ireland on Saturday at Belfast by 3 to 1; while Scotland's best, playing on home ground at Dundee, could only draw with Wales.

The improvement made by the Welshmen in recent years is truly wonderful. In future they will have to be taken very seriously in the contest for the international championship at "Soccer," whether they rely upon home talent or upon Welsh professionals employed by English clubs. The team that drew at Dundee on Saturday was largely made up of Welshmen who play for Welsh clubs, and the fact that it acquitted itself splendidly goes to prove that the game is prospering grandly in Wales.

Although the margin of victory does not appear to be a very formidable one, England's victory over Ireland was gained in a style that inspires one with the hope that Scotland will be made to bite the dust early next month. Now that Woodward has regained his form there need be no qualms as to the strength of our forward line, although there is just a chance that a place may be found for that pugnacious little outside right, Davis, of Sheffield Wednesday.

League Plans Upset.

Cup-tie exertions are beginning to tell on some of the first division League teams. Aston Villa, Derby County, Middlesbrough, Blackburn Rovers, Everton, and Sheffield United, all recent participants—indeed, one is still in the competition—suffered defeat on Saturday. Derby County, who are in the semi-final, had a most disastrous time of it at Nottingham, where the Forest club beat them by no fewer than 5 goals to 1.

Unlike the majority of their fellow competitors in the League, Manchester City seem to thrive best on hard work. Certainly it was a great performance to defeat Blackburn Rovers at Blackburn by 5 goals to 2. If Manchester can reproduce this form on Saturday next Sheffield Wednesday will not see the Crystal Palace this year. Blackburn are always very bad to beat on their own ground.

Aston Villa have a genuine excuse for their downfall at Wolverhampton, for three of their best men were helping to uphold the honour of their country at Belfast. Sheffield Wednesday can enter a similar plea for their failure to do better than draw with Stoke at Owlerton. Crawshaw and Ruddell—both at Belfast.

Small Heath, by defeating West Bromwich Albion, got well away from the dangerous zone at the foot of the table. It is now almost certain that the Albion will return to the Second Division after a very short absence from it.

Not only are Woolwich Arsenal almost certain of promotion to the First Division, but it is more than probable that they will finish at the head of the Second Division table. The defeat of Preston North End at Bristol on Saturday was of very great assistance to the London club, who now have 37 points for twenty-four games played, while North End have 40 for twenty-six games. Bristol City and Burnley are not now so menacing as they were a fortnight ago, and the issue seems to lie between Preston and Plumstead. The teams have yet to meet for the first time this season.

Those who saw the game at Plumstead on Saturday were not greatly impressed with the play of the

local side, more especially the defence. Jackson is blamed for indulging in gallery tricks. The Arsenal captain has always had a weakness in this direction, and he would be well advised were he to strive seriously to rid himself of a very bad, not to say dangerous, habit.

Southern League Surprises.

Although their position does not appear to be a very hopeful one, Reading are striving very hard to gain the Southern League Championship. They have a good outside chance, and on Saturday they surprised themselves and their friends by defeating Millwall at Millwall by 1 goal to 0. Portsmouth, who have been picking up wonderfully of late, greatly improved their chances by beating New Brompton at New Brompton by 2 to 1.

Swindon's anxiety concerning their future was temporarily allayed by a victory over West Ham by a goal to 0. It will be a bad thing for East London football if the Canning Town men are compelled to figure in the Second Division next year.

With their weakened team Tottenham did very well to draw with Brentford at Tottenham. Plymouth Argyle and Wellingborough were beaten in town by Queen's Park Rangers and Fulham respectively. So that altogether the London clubs had a very good day. Southampton greatly strengthened their position at the top of the table by beating Bristol Rovers at Southampton by 6 to 1.

SATURDAY'S RESULTS IN BRIEF.

ASSOCIATION.

INTERNATIONALS.

England, 3; Ireland (h), 1.

Scotland (h), 1; Wales, 1.

LEAGUE I.

Manchester City, 5; Blackburn Rovers (h), 2.

Liverpool (h), 3; Sheffield United, 0.

Newcastle United, 1; Middlesbrough (h), 1.

Nottingham Forest (h), 5; Derby County, 1.

Sheffield Wednesday (h), 2; Stoke, 0.

Sunderland (h), 2; Everton, 0.

Small Heath, 1; West Bromwich Albion (h), 0.

Wolverhampton Wanderers (h), 3; Aston Villa, 2.

LEAGUE II.

Woolwich Arsenal (h), 5; Stockport County, 2.

Barnsley Park (h), 5; Blackpool, 0.

Burton United (h), 1; Grimsby Town, 0.

Gainsborough Trinity (h), 4; Leicester Fosse, 0.

Bristol City (h), 3; Preston North End, 1.

Manchester United (h), 3; Burnley, 1.

Barnley (h), 2; Lincoln City, 0.

Glossop (h), 3; Bolton Wanderers, 3.

Chesham, 1; Bradford City (h), 2.

SOUTHERN LEAGUE—Division I.

Tottenham Hotspur (h), 1; Brentford, 1.

Reading, 1; Millwall (h), 0.

Fulham (h), 1; Wellingborough, 0.

Queen's Park Rangers (h), 1; Plymouth Argyle, 0.

Southampton (h), 6; Bristol Rovers, 1.

Portsmouth, 2; New Brompton (h), 0.

Kettering (h), 1; Brighton and Hove Albion, 1.

Swindon (h), 1; West Ham, 0.

Division II.

Portsmouth Reserves (h), 6; Wycombe Wanderers, 0.

Reading Reserves (h), 1; Millwall Reserves, 1.

Watford (h), 3; Southampton Reserves, 0.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

Third Lanark, 3; Motherwell, 0.

Hibernian, 4; Celtic, 2.

Celtic, 5; St. Mirren, 1.

Partick Thistle, 3; Airdrieonians, 0.

LONDON LEAGUE—Division I.

Lepton (h), 3; Fulham Reserves, 0.

Tottenham Hotspur Reserves, 3; Brentford Res. (h), 1.

Division II.

Pinner, 0; Haverhill, 0.

Enfield, 4; G.W. Rye, 1.

Woolwich Poly, 4; Walthamstow Town, 1.

Child's Hill Imperial, 6; Kingston, 0.

SOUTH-EASTERN LEAGUE.

Chesham General, 3; Aylesbury United, 3.

Watford, 4; St. Albans, 2.

SOUTH-ESSEX LEAGUE.

Ilford Alliance, 5; Chelmsford, 0.

Leiston, 5; Grays Town, 1.

South Weald, 3; Waltham, 2.

AMATEUR CUP—Third Round.—(Re-played tie).

Chesham, 4; Whiteheads (Weymouth), 0.

Semi-Final.

Sheffield Club, 5; Bishop Auckland, 2.

KENT SENIOR CUP—Semi-Finals.

Eltham, 1; Cray Wanderers, 0.

Dover, 2; Sittingbourne, 2.

84th KENT SENIOR CUP—Semi-Final.

Townley Park, 1; Reigate Priory, 0.

ESSEX SENIOR CUP—Semi-Final.

Heath, 3; Harwich and Parkenton, 0.

WEST MIDDLESEX CUP—Semi-Final.

Staines, 1; Uxbridge, 0.

KENT LEAGUE.

Chatham, 4; Folkestone, 0.

OTHER MATCHES.

Corinthians (h), 2; North County, 1.

Luton (h), 3; Northampton, 0.

Ally Poon, 3; Dulwich Hamlet, 1.

West Ham, 5; Tottenham, 5; West Ham, 1.

Maidstone, 7; Gravesend, 3.

Ashford, 2; Shepherd United, 1.

Southall, 4; London Welsh, 0.

Upton Park, 2; Ealing, 1.

Croydon, 3; Woking, 0.

TO-DAY'S FIXTURES.

ASSOCIATION.

At Plumstead: Woolwich Arsenal v. Bristol City (League II), 3.30.

At Manchester: Manchester United v. Leicester Fosse (League I), 3.30.

At West Ham: West Ham v. Bristol Rovers (Western League), 3.30.

At Millwall: Millwall v. Tottenham Hotspur (League—Premier Division), 3.30.

At Brentford: Brentford v. Queen's Park Rangers (I.L. P.D.).

At Wellingborough: Wellingborough v. Northampton (Northants League).

FULHAM'S NEW GROUND.

The Fulham F.C. have secured a site for their proposed new football ground, opposite the present one at Craven Cottage.

Conspicuous sight-seeing accommodation is to be provided for 100,000 to 120,000 people all under cover. A deputation from the Football Association will inspect the place this week.

WARNER'S FINAL MATCH.

South Australia all Dismissed for a Total of 259.

ADELAIDE, March 12.

The Englishmen commenced here to-day the last match of their tour—the return with South Australia. The weather was warm and the wicket in first-rate condition. Hayward, Arnold, and Lilley were omitted from the England side, and of the twelve players provisionally chosen for South Australia Dickinson had to stand down.

Clem Hill beat Warner in the toss and sent in Gehrs and Hack to open South Australia's innings. Hirst and Fielder began the bowling. When the score had slowly reached 28 Bosanquet relieved Fielder, and with 8 added the change got rid of Hack. One wicket for 36. C. Hill joined Gehrs and 50 went up at the end of an hour's batting. At 52 Rhodes displaced Hirst. At lunch-time the total was 72 for one wicket, Gehrs being 36 and Hill 22.

Gehrs's Lucky Escape.

Braund and Hirst shared the bowling at the resumption, and at 79 Hill was caught at the wicket. Jennings came next. When Gehrs had made 57, he lifted a ball from Braund high on the leg side, and Rhodes brought off a fine catch with the left hand. The fieldman, however, was on the cycling track, outside the boundary, when he secured the ball, and Gehrs escaped. He did not profit to any extent, as at 116 Hirst bowled him.

Claxton came in at 123. Relf was tried in place of Braund. Then at 134 Bosanquet resumed for Hirst. The first of the two changes parted the batsmen, Jennings being caught at the wicket off Relf at 143. Relf followed up his success by bowling Pelley, the fifth wicket falling at 149. Evans joined Claxton, and at 152 Rhodes was put on at Bosanquet's end. At the tea interval the score was 173 for five wickets. Claxton not out 26 and Evans not out 11.

On the game being continued, Relf and Bosanquet bowled. Claxton sent Bosanquet over the ring on the side for five, but at 191, in hitting at a short-pitched ball from the same bowler, he was caught at the wicket. Harry Hill was bowled at once, the seventh wicket going down with the total unaltered. Newland then became Evans' partner, and the batting reasserted itself.

England's Bad Start.

At 217 Fielder relieved Bosanquet. Evans played a steady game while Newland hit. The score having been increased to 250, Braund took the ball from Relf, who had sent down seven-teen overs. With seven runs added Newland was bowled. Travers was run out and Evans caught and bowled, the innings ending for 259. It had extended over four hours and twelve minutes.

Braund took one wicket for 38 runs, Hirst two wickets for 39, Fielder one for 40, Bosanquet three for 72, and Relf two for 45. Rhodes had 18 runs hit from him and met with no success.

The Englishmen made a bad start against the bowling of Travers and Claxton, Foster being caught at slip in the second over. One wicket for two. Bosanquet joined Warner, and at the drawing of stumps the score was nine. The weather remained fine all the afternoon, but rain is predicted.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

E. T. Hack, b Bosanquet	13
G. Gehrs, b Hirst	63
C. Hill, c Strudwick, b Hirst	22
C. B. Jennings, c Strudwick, b Relf	31
N. Claxton, c Strudwick, b Bosanquet	40
J. H. Pelley, b Relf	4
H. Evans, c Strudwick, b Bosanquet	29
H. Hill, b Bosanquet	0
P. H. Newland, b Fielder	50
P. F. Travers, run out	0
P. Coombe, not out	0
Extras	0
Total	259

Total	259
P. F. Warner, not out	2
R. E. Foster, c Hack, b Claxton	2
H. J. T. Bosanquet, not out	0
Total (one wicket)	9

—Reuter's Special Service.

THE RIVAL BLUES.

Oxford Row Their First Full Course From Putney to Mortlake.

Professional rowing opinion—which is generally the soundest on the Varsity Boat Race, because it is common to unbiased men—has been of late pronounced very distinctly as to the performance of the Oxford crew on the Thames at Putney on Saturday.

The Dark Blues rowed their first full course from Putney Bridge to the Ship, at Mortlake, on a very slack tide, but otherwise under favourable conditions, and accomplished a very creditable time performance—23min. 15sec. Naturally, with a young, rough crew, who have not been long together, some of them began to tire early, but up to Hammersmith Bridge (time, 8min. 34sec.) the form was excellent.

No. 5 began to tire after that, and most of the men were thoroughly exhausted at the finish, but they nearly all rowed themselves out, and the work must have done them a lot of good.

Such well-known professionals as ex-Champion Tom Sullivan and Mr. Ed. Fox were quite surprised at the showing on the watch, which is distinctly encouraging. Mr. Fox remarked: "I am glad they rowed themselves well out; it shows they are workers, and they will row all the better next time." They are a nice lot of young oarsmen, full of strength, with a good body swing, and are sure to make a lot of improvement.

Cambridge are due at Putney to-day. They finished up their work at Henley with a long, hard row from Henley to Henley, and they were about a chain short of 3 miles 2 furlongs, with the stream. This was covered in 16 minutes.

The Light Blues are the most advanced crew at the present time, but there is nearly a fortnight to the race, and many things may happen in that time.

ACTON AND HEALING.

Racers and Wrestlers Under Review.

Lord Coventry, who runs Inquisitor at Derby to-morrow, and hopes he will emulate the examples of Emblematic and Emblematic in the Grand National, rarely bets to any great extent. His lordship once told me that, as his sight is not so good as it used to be, he amused himself by glancing at the horses in the paddock, and maintaining his interest in the sport by having a fiddle on one that he thinks looks the best. The noble and popular sportsman being no bad judge, the book-makers have little the best of the exchanges.

As they still back Kiora for the Grand National, and as Mr. Widger's mount has a decided advantage on form, The Gunner is still worth powder and shot.

Don't back Dumbarton Castle until you reach Lincoln, and perchance not then—as he is at present an unlikely runner.

I stated recently that Moifaa was an uncertain runner for the Grand National. I can now correct myself, and say that Moifaa is a certain starter. The jockey Birch will probably be found in conjunction with this rod in pickle.

Benvin will be ridden in the "Liverpool" by Percy Woodland. He has already been backed to win a nice stake.

Wrestlers at the Alhambra have to turn up at the theatre half an hour before time, as Mr. Scott wisely insists that they shall be inspected by a medical man before going on the stage—a la National Sporting Club.

Mellor's Sauce.

In the wagering that has taken place upon the match between Joe Acton and Jem Mellor at the Oxford this afternoon the former stood in most favour. He is the stronger, whilst Mellor is the more active, of the two, and given a thoroughly fair contest, which I do not doubt will be seen, Acton ought to win. Acton is in capital trim, and whatever trouble overtakes him, shows splendid recuperative powers. Even after Nielsen had given him some nasty banging about he was all right again in double quick time.

Acton is a much broader young man than he looks. When training his greatest difficulty is to resist the desire for a cigarette. In this endeavour to avoid temptation he does not always succeed, proving himself to be a lineal descendant of Adam.

Now Mr. Goodchild has secured Hardy the Royston candidate Schnapps is immensely fancied for the Lincoln Handicap.

When Mr. F. R. Fry sent Visionary to run second to Victor Gay at Manchester, he said: "I only put him in to see whether anyone would buy him if he won." Happily enough, nobody claimed him. Visionary proved fortunate to win on Saturday, as intimidator was balked in several attempts to find an opening, and only got through at the last hurdle, when it was too late.

Arthur Nightingall travelled all the way from Hooton Park to ride Lord Brand, who was bred near London by a well-known sporting journalist. The Eagle flattered to deceive, "cut it" at the last hurdle, and St. Colon won the Wolsey Hurdle Race, as expected.

Stimulation's Artful Aid.

Thurifer, a paddock tip for the Spring Steeplechase, had finished racing when he had stopped pulling at the reins. "Mr. Cooley" Edwards came to see Shaun Abou run, had a bit on him, and he best everything other than St. Moritz, a horse they used to think could never run with confidence unless "stimulated," but now he wins races. His present form bears out the good opinion entertained for him by his earlier trainer, Hugh Powney.

When Fly Leaf fell at the water he promptly pitched Magee forward, so that jockey enjoyed an unimpeded bath, and was assisted out by friendly hands, whilst he shook himself like a terrier. This did not damp his ardour, however, and he rode Min in the next race.

It was a come down in a double sense for Easter Ogue to run for so small an event as the Portlane Steeplechase, in which he fell at the water. His forelegs are very "dicky."

Mr. George Edwards fancied Lord James for the Littleton Hurdle Handicap, but P. Woodland could do nothing at the reins. "Mr. Cooley" distance was three miles Cossack Post gave the Hon. A. Hastings a nice ride, and showed a fine performance by carrying 12st 2lb to victory.

Mr. Sievier seems to have missed a nice race with Snowdrop, who made Leinster stretch himself in the Stewards' Steeplechase. They jumped the last fence together, and the time (4min. 11.4-sec.) will show how they "hopped it." This was a second faster than the time taken by St. Colon in an earlier hurdle race.

FANCIES FOR TO-DAY.

DERBY.

- 2. 0.—Friary Hurdle—OCTROI.
- 2.30.—Shipley Hall Steeple—NAPPER TANDY.
- 3. 0.—Derbyshire Steeple—VIBRANT.
- 3.30.—Doveridge Hurdle—FAMOUS.
- 4. 0.—Spondon Steeple—ROSE GLEN.
- 4.30.—Pastures Steeple—ENTREMETTEUR.*

THE ARROW.

SATURDAY'S ATHLETICS.

dered the West African market.

Small Advertisements

are received at the offices of the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" 45 and 46, New Bond Street, W., and 2, Carnarvon Street, E.C., during the hours of 10 and 7 (Saturday, 10 to 2), for insertion in the issue of the following day, at the rate of 3/- (1d. each word afterwards). Advertisements, if sent by post, must be accompanied by Postal Orders crossed BARCLAY & CO. (stamps will not be accepted).

"Daily Illustrated Mirror" advertisers can have replies to their advertisements sent free of charge to the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" Offices, a box department having been opened for that purpose. If replies are to be forwarded, sufficient stamps to cover postage must be sent with the advertisement.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

Cook.

COOK (plain) wanted, or Cook-General; 1 lady; 2 servants. Write Miss Beck, Albany, Dorset.

Parlourmaids.

HOUSE-PARLOURMAID: wages £20-£22; 3 servants. Apply: 4 in family. Write E. 105, Bond-street, Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

HOUSE-PARLOURMAID wanted for Belise Park, wages £20-£24. E. 105, Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

PARLOURMAID (very good), for Forest Row, wanted March 23; wages £30; 7 servants kept. Write B. 102, Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

PARLOURMAID wanted for Stamford, wages £24. 102, Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

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Daily Bargains.

NOTICE.

Remittances should not be enclosed in the first instance.

Dress.

A FREE dainty sample Handkerchief, with illustrated lists; send stamp—British Linen Company, Oxford-street, London.

ABBY'S Complete Outfits: 68 articles; 21s. worth double; handkerchiefs, etc.; pure Irish linen; patterns and measurements free. Write Mrs. B. 102, Bond-street, W.

BARGAIN—One dozen assorted, fine, hem-stitched Handkerchiefs, 1s.—Star Drapery Company, Herne Bay.

BOUSIES—Black tateens or any shades; look equal silk; beautifully tatted; perfect cut and finish; made to ladies' sizes; 5s. 6d.; testimonials daily.—Beattall, Rushden.

COLLARS (high-class); send pattern and we will copy and return, carriage paid, 6d. for 2s. 9d., 12 for 5s.; we earnestly solicit a trial order.—The New Departure Collar Company, 183, City-road.

CORSETS.—Illustrated booklet, newest corsets, support belts, etc., free on application.—Madame Johansson, Corset Specialist, Peter-gate, Nottingham.

CORSETS to Measure.—Ladies' patterns copied at the shortest notice; illustrated price list, patterns and measurement form post free; corsets cleaned or repaired equal to new.—Madame Lee, Elm-grove, Southsea.

EVERY Lady should wear our celebrated 1s. cashmere Stockings; post free 1s. 2d. 6d. Gilling, Hoxley Warehouse, College-street, Rotherham.

EXQUISITE and charming 21-guinea marabout ostrich feather Stole; natural colour; extra long; extremely rich and well finished; new; sacrifice 9d.; approval.—Madam Bristle, 65, Handforth-road, S.W.

FRINGE Nets; extra large: 3 for 1s.; postage 1d.—Crawley, Draper, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

FROCKS and Blouses—Genuine Irish fabric, "Ze-Linen"; soft, light, durable; washes well; very moderate in price; daintily cut; perfectly fast; samples sent post free.—Hutton's, 81, Larne, Ireland.

FURS—Alexandra Dagmar Necklet and Muff; beautiful real Russian sable hair; worth 4s. 6d.; unused; 12s. 6d.; approval.—Mabel, 6, Grafton-square, Clapham.

SEALSKIN Jacket; bargain; only 25s. 15s.; worth £30; stylish; double-breasted; elegant; shape, fashionable; richly lined; going abroad; must sell; approval.—Gwendoline, 29, Holland-street, S.W.

THIS SPRING the leading Costume Material everywhere is the Flaxella; pure Irish linen; all newest shades and patterns; sample post free; prices very moderate.—Hutton's, 81, Larne, Ireland.

UNBREAKABLE Corsets; marvellous; grand; unbreakable; sample steel free.—Knitted Corset Co., Nottingham.

UNDERLINING: 10s. 6d. parcel; 3 chemises, 3 knickers, 2 petticoats, 3 lovely nightdresses, 10s. 6d.—Eva, 89, Union-road, Clapham.

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